



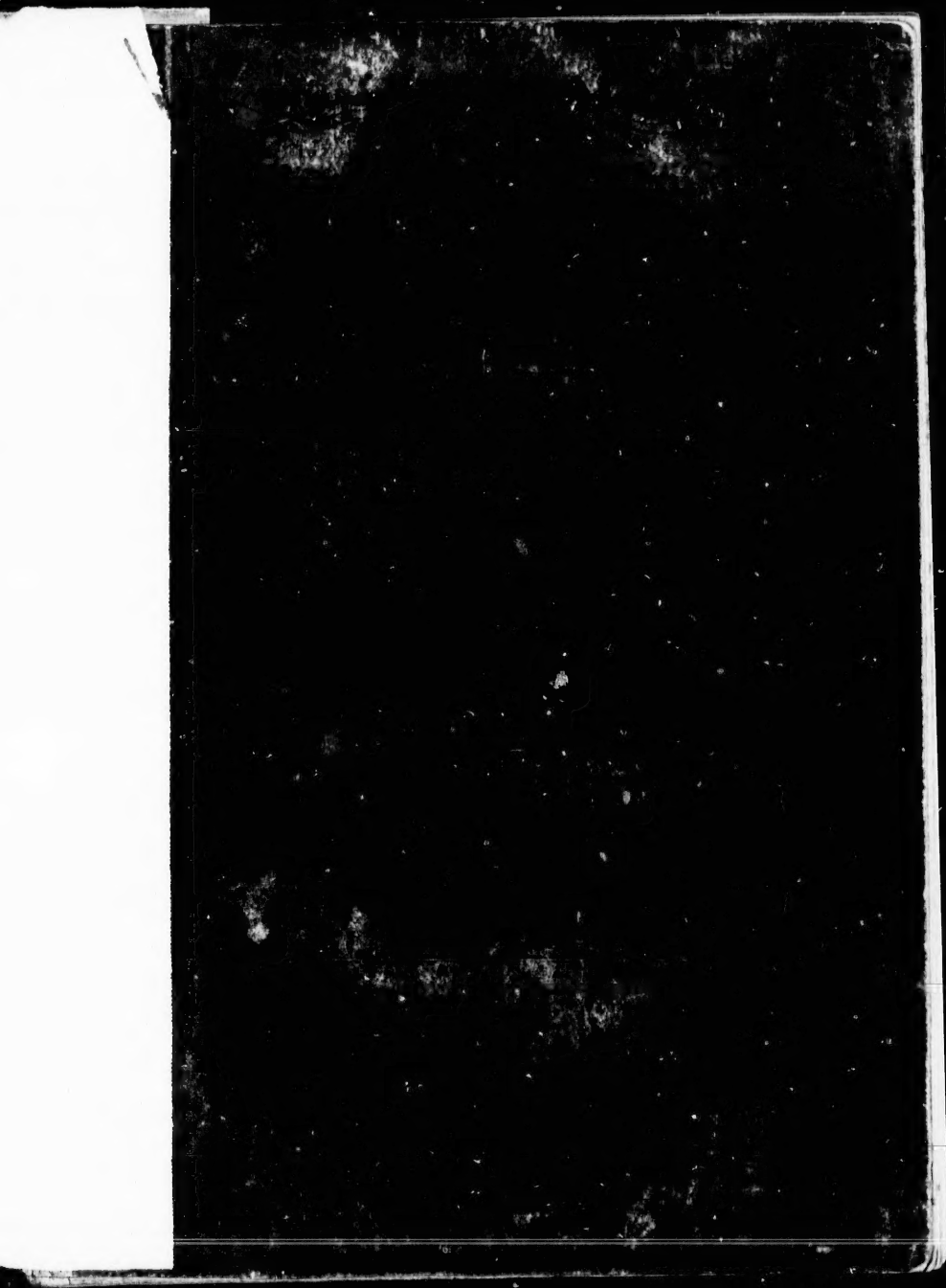
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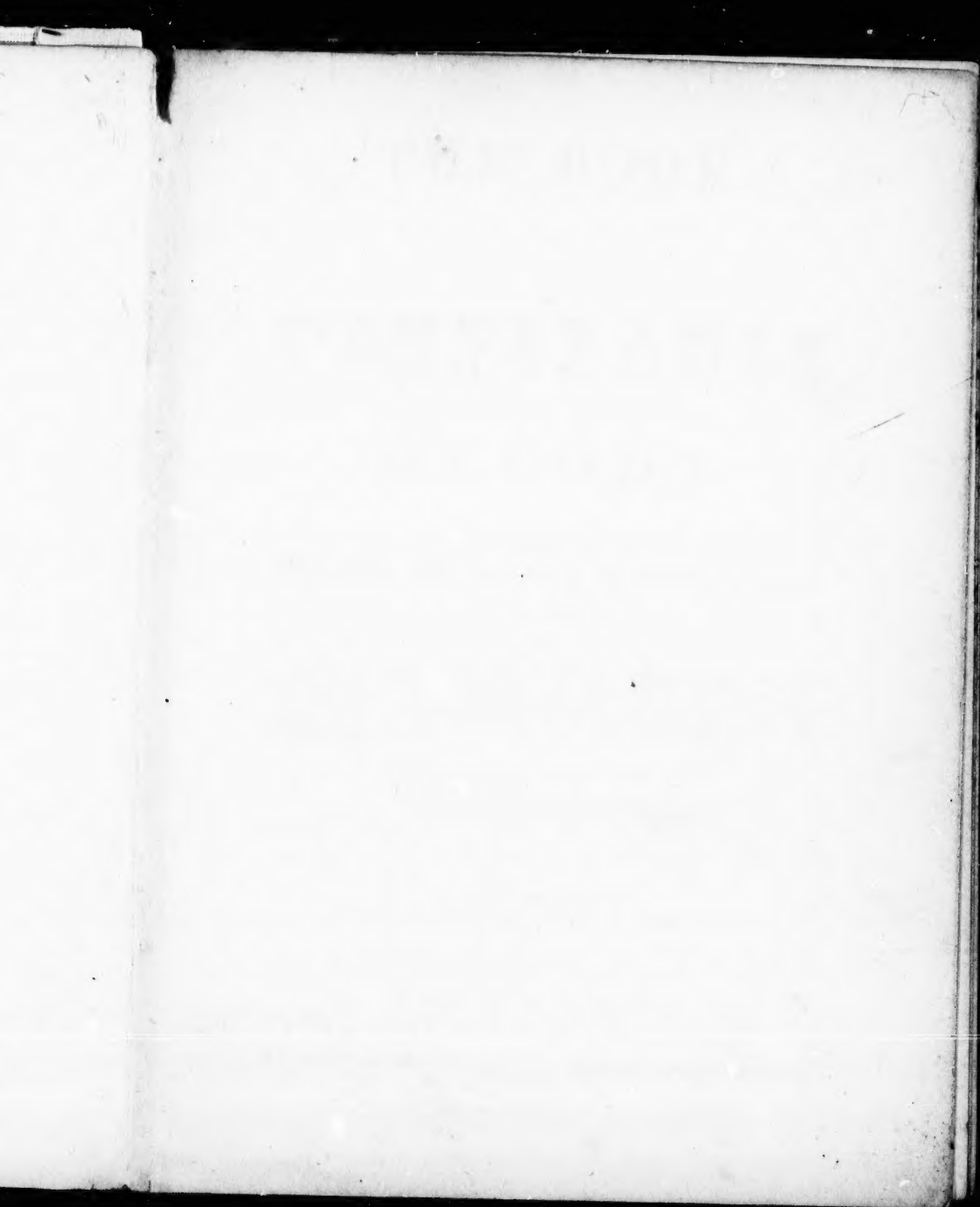
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THE BOOK
OF
TEMPERANCE
MELODY.

ARRANGED AND ADAPTED TO POPULAR AIRS.

"Song has a mighty control over every movement of the human heart, wherefore I recommend it to every man duly to love, know, and esteem this precious, useful, and cheering gift of God, the knowledge and diligent use of which will at all times drive off evil thoughts, or diminish the effects of evil society and views. It is necessary this art should be taught in schools. A school-master must be able to sing or else I will not look upon him."—LUTHER.

"Nor martyr flames, nor truncheon swords,
Can do away that ancient tie;
Shot through and through with cunning words,—
A gentler death shall falsehood die."—TENNYSON.

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1851.

THE BOOK

EDWARD T. BROWN

YUOIM

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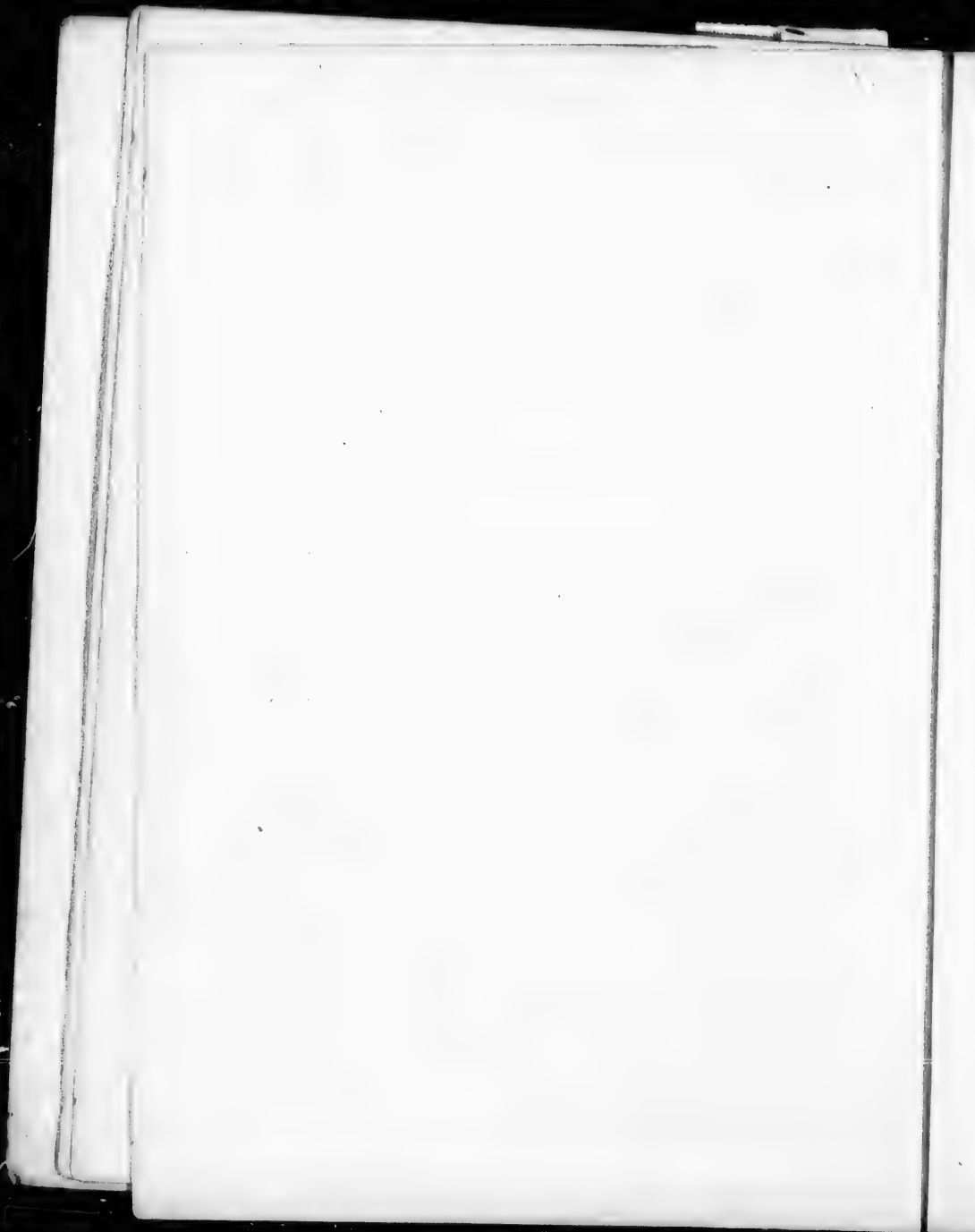
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TEMPERANCE MELODIES.

THE PATRIOT SPIRIT.

AIR—" *I'd be a butterfly.*"

BY E. P. HOOD.

Blest be the cause that in patriot glory
Brighten'd the world with a vision of love,
Oh for the pen that shall mention the story,
Oh for the garland which temperance hath wove ;
Long have our fathers been doom'd to inherit
The curse of the bondsman o'er land and o'er sea ;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters, and bade us be free,

Children no longer shrink back from their father,
Lo ! how their cheeks with the bright roses bloom ;
Husbands and wives all earth's roses gather,
" And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb ;"
Thus, then, combining, beauty entwining,
Far round the world in its glory we see,
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters and bade us go free.

Say, shall we offer our praise to the warrior ?
Lo ! how his laurels are dripping with gore ;
Say, shall we offer our praise to the merchant,
Where gold fills his coffers with riches in store ?
These will not save us, these will not bless us,
Great though their triumphs by land and by sea ;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters and bade us be free.

Twine, then, the myrtle, the holly, the laurel,
 Raise high the shout on the festival day ;
 The tempest is over the storm and the battle,
 And far o'er the mountains behold the glad ray ;
 Onwards again on the glad path of duty,
 Onwards a joy and a blessing to be ;
 And blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
 That snapt all our fetters and bade us be free.

MY OWN DEAR HOME.

AIR—" *My Own Blue Bell.*

BY E. P. H.

My own dear home, my own bright home,
 What visions of loveliness round it roam,
 There they stray through the long, long day,
 And chase the dark shades of the night away ;
 The Monarch may boast of his marble and gold,
 And luxuries splendid around him roll'd,
 I care not for them, for where'er I roam,
 I live in the light of my own dear home :
 My own dear home, my own bright home, &c.

The time was once that I used to roam,
 Away from the joys of my own dear home.
 But now by the light of my own fire-side,
 In gladness and peace do the bright hours glide,
 And now as the shadows steal o'er my cot,
 I pine not, nor murmur, but bless my lot,
 And the praises circle around its dome,
 For the calm bright light of my own sweet home ;
 My own dear home, my own sweet home, &c.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

AIR—" *The Old Arm Chair.*"

BY E. P. H.

I love it! I love it! my own fireside,
What place to me hath such charms beside?
The land of promise, the shrine of Love,
A type on earth of my home above;
Oh dear to me is its lovely ray
At the close of a long and weary day;
What matter to me how the world may glide,
If it leave me the light of my own fireside.

I left it and many a long sad day
I wandered a long and a weary way,
Hope had vanished, joys were gone,
Friends, they had left me, one by one;
Sometimes a tear from the fount would start,
And ooze from the depths of a breaking heart;
I left it, the home of my peace and pride,
And wandered away from my own fireside.

But now I love it, my own fireside;
What place to me hath such charms beside?
Home of the happy! all joy is there;—
Let the world rave loud with grief or care;
Oh not in the bar-room's murky gleam
Is the beauteous light of its beaming seen;
For she sits there, its joy and its pride,
My wife, by the glow of my own fire-side.

And years may glide in their haste away,
My cheeks be wrinkled, my locks be grey,—
Children may run o'er the old brick floor,
Or pass from the eaves of the old oak door,—
But we shall not forget while life shall last,
The spot where our happiest hours were past;
And Death when he comes with the conqueror's stride,
Shall find our hearts by our own fire-side.

WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

AIR—"O'er the Green Sea."

E. P. H.

As on we pass through devious way,
While round our path the fierce winds play;
To nerve our arm, to cheer our way,
We blithely sing this roundelay:

We'll win the day!

We'll win the day!

Then on we'll go, right merrily, merrily.

When public-houses rear on high
Their heads against a smiling sky,
We'll heed them not—but still we'll say,
Forward! my lads, we'll win the day.

We'll win the day!

When drunkards reeling through the street,
In all their sin we sadly meet;
We'll kindly speak, we'll deeply pray,
And shout in their errs, we'll win the day!

We'll win the day!

If cowards should refuse to raise
Their hand or voice to give us praise,
We will not heed their reckless way,
But forward rush to win the day.

We'll win the day!

Or should they give a worthless name,
And break away to bring us shame,
We'll call them back their part to play;
But whether or no, we'll win the day!

We'll win the day!

The sailor on the ocean foam,
Far from friends, away from home,
Shall lend a hand our foe to slay,
And join with us to win the day.

We'll win the day!

Thus on we pass a world to move
By cries entreaties, tears, and love,
And come what may to stop our way,
We'll win! we'll win! we'll win the day!
We'll win the day!
We'll win the day!
On we'll go right merrily, merrily.

THE ABSTAINER'S RESOLVE.

Air—"The dying Soldier."

E. P. H.

We bless the happy day when first
We promised to abstain,
And in the joys of temperance blest,
We'll never drink again;
We're marching through the fields of strife,
To give the dying drunkards life,
And then we will in glory reign,
And never drink again.

Debased by guilt, by folly stain'd,
Our spirit vainly strove,
There was no glory in our home,
And in our hearts no love;
But now reform'd by grace divine,
'Mongst the reclaim'd behold us shine,
And shall we dare again the stain?
No, we'll never drink again.

The beauty of God's lovely earth
Our happy spirits know,
The light from God's best lamp put forth,
To rescue us from woe;
And shall we stoop again to shame,
And barter hope, and joy, and fame?
No! here at once we bind the vow,
We'll never drink again.

O come, dear brother, come to bless,
 The arm so strong to save,
 It snatch'd us from the deadly curse,
 The drunkard's fearful grave;
 And, now, by every hope of peace,
 We doom the drunkard's drink to cease,
 And here we raise the glorious strain,
 We'll never drink again.

THE TEETOTAL SHIP.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

E. P. H.

Our ship is afloat on the broad flowing wave, [brave;
 And her proud pennant streams o'er the faithful and
 Our captain is Truth, and while mann'd by the free,
 What crew, nay! what men are so happy as we?

Teetotal's our ship, Teetotallers our men,
 Steady, boys, steady, and always be ready,
 To rescue poor drunkards again and again.

To the ends of the earth, then, our vessel shall go,
 With light at her keel, and good will at her prow;
 Her foes shall retire, as they see how she flies,
 Like a bird when it spreadeth its wings to the skies.

Teetotal's our ship, &c.

They told us, that soon, when the battle came on,
 Her colors she'd strike, and her courage be gone;
 They knew not how proudly the war flag she'd rear,
 Nor a bosom on board her indulge in a fear,

Teetotal's our ship, &c.

They talked of their *grape* shot, so direful and dread,
 It would rake fore and aft with hot shot so, they said;
 But the old pirate hulk made her boastings in vain,
 We fought them before, and we'll fight them again.

Teetotal's our ship, &c.

Though the tempest roars loud as she floats on her way,
 She breasts the dread billows though fiercely they play;
 And proudly she rides o'er the wild foaming wave,
 To scare the destroyer, the helpless to save.

Teetotal's our ship, &c.

Come on board her to night, there is plenty of room,
 Lo, the pledge-book is hoisted a light at her boom;
 The breezes of heaven, so softly they play,
 And the cheers of the brave speed our ship on her way.

Teetotal's our ship, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

AIR—"Poor Mary Ann."

E. P. H.

Shine thou forth in matchless glory,
 Bright Temperance Star;
 O'er corruptions old and hoary,
 Bright Temperance Star;
 Shed abroad thy rays of gladness,
 O'er the haunts of woe or sadness,
 Banish Death, Disease, and Madness,
 Bright Temperance Star!

Shine upon the captive's prison,
 Bright Temperance Star;
 Tell him of the power new risen,
 Bright Temperance Star!
 And the realms that sit in sorrow,
 From thy rays a charm shall borrow,
 Telling of a glorious morrow,
 Bright Temperance Star!

Shine upon the cleaving billow,
 Bright Temperance Star;
 O'er the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Bright Temperance Star;
 Brighten every distant nation,
 Banish care and tribulation,
 Preach the tidings of salvation,
 Bright Temperance Star!

B.

And the mists that hover o'er thee,
 Bright Temperance Star;
 Trembling, soon shall fly before thee,
 Bright Temperance Star;
 Hail! all hail! thy lustre flowing,
 From the founts of glory glowing,
 Life, and health, and beauty showing.
 Bright Temperance Star!

"FOR ALL THAT AND ALL THAT."

AIR—"For all that and all that."

E. P. H.

"What, though on homely fare we dine,"
 And sorely work and all that;
 Give fools their beer, give knaves their wine,
 We're happier still for all that!

For all that and all that,
 Their whiskey, ale, and all that;
 With sense and reason in our soul,
 We're happier still for all that.

Your beer may make a coward talk,
 A sad man sing and all that,
 But a happy heart's above its mark,
 It never can perform that!
 For all that and all that, &c.

What makes the great folk talk so loud,
 About our vice and all that?
 What crushes us beneath the crowd,
 With taxes, rates, and all that?
 For all that and all that, &c.

See yonder poor degraded sot,
 In rags, and filth, and all that;
 Who talks of statesmen, lords, and kings,
 Reform and trade,—and all that!
 For all that and all that,
 His whiskey, &c.

Let tyrants try what laws they please,
To bind our hands and all that ;
Give us clear heads and honest hearts,
We'll master them for all that !
For all that and all that, &c.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for all that ;
That ale and beer from all the earth
Shall banish'd be and all that !
For all that, and all that,
It's coming yet for all that,
When every man that treads the earth,
Shall sober be and all that !

THE DRUNKARD'S END.

AIR—" *She wore a wreath of Roses.*"

E. P. H.

I saw him in his youthful days, methinks I see him now,
When health spread out its radiant glow upon his lofty
brow ;

His spirit moved in lightness, his heart untouched by care,
And Love had shed its brightest flowers, and carved its
image there.

I saw him in his youthful days, methinks I see him now,
When health spread out its radiant glow upon his lofty
brow.

And years pass'd on, I saw that brow, disease and death
were there,

The deep-carved wrinkles on his face were sculptured by
despair ;

Beneath his feet the broken hearts, his dread unkindness
made,—

His father, mother, sister, wife, within the churchyard
laid !

I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
With death and desolation stamped upon his drunkard's
brow !

And once again I saw that brow, in dread repose it lay,
 Within a coffin's solemn niche, returning quick to clay;
 In solitude the body lay upon its gloomy bier,
 And Death had done his work without the mockery of a
 tear;
 I saw it but a moment, yet methinks I see it now,
 With Heaven's most direful curse enstamped upon its
 marble brow!

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AIR—" *The Troubadour.*"

E. P. H.

Softly the drunkard's wife breatheth her prayer,
 Sadly her bosom heaves wild with despair;
 Saying, for thee I pine, mourning alone,
 Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home!

He, with the revellers, merrily sung,
 Wildly he raised his voice madly in song;
 She in a mourning voice blended her tone,
 Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear,
 See how her up-turned eye melts with the tear;
 Wife of my bosom, see! I am come!
 Come, like a wanderer, back to my home!

Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray,
 Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day;
 Drunkard no longer, her husband is come!
 Happiness, happiness, brightens their home!

THE DANGER OF MODERATION.

AIR—" *Off, said the Stranger.*"

E. P. H.

Fly from the danger, it tempts you to stay,
 But it lures you to ruin to lead you astray!

Like a shoal on the coast, or a rock 'neath the wave,
Unseen, 'twill destroy you, and doom to the grave!
Fly from the danger, it tempts you to stay,
But it lures you to ruin, to lead you astray!

O youth, with thy passions all noble and warm,
And the fresh flush of life flowing free through thy form;
The wine and the bowl will but poison thy frame,
And clothe thee with horror and crown thee with shame!
Fly from the danger, it tempts you to stay,
But it lures you to ruin, to lead you astray!

Oh, linger not near it, its breath can decoy,
Like the lightning it glances and gleams to destroy;
Like the lightning its flash may destroy in an hour,
The man who dwelt near it to challenge its power!
Fly from the danger, oh, hasten away,
Though a thousand fare faces should bid you to stay!

Like Lot, when he fled from the city of old,
Where the fire-shower of ruin its tempest had roll'd,
So we have come forth from a city of flame,
Whose streets were polluted with sorrow and shame;
We have flown from the danger, come wanderer away,
For ruin alights on the spirits who stay!
Fly from the danger, oh! hasten away,
Though a thousand fare faces should bid you to stay!

THE DRUNKARD IS FREE.

AIR—" *I'm afloat! I'm afloat!*"

E. P. H.

I'm at home! I'm at home! in my peace and my pride,
My wife and my child smile in joy at my side,
From the haunts of the vicious, where e're they may be.
I have burst in my strength, and the drunkard is free!
No monarch extended his sceptre to save,
No actions of law snatch'd me forth from the grave;
And ne'er shall blush I for the glorious hour,
While the pen boasts its strength, or the pledge boasts
its power!

Come! come! rally round us, the flag is unfurl'd,
And it floats forth in beauty, the pride of the world;
Quick, quick, spread the sound o'er the land, o'er the sea.
Joy, joy to the world, for the drunkard is free!

Away, then, away from the charms of the bowl,
From the fires that have withered the light of the soul,
'Tis here, friends, 'tis here, in the region of peace,
True pleasures are found, and our miseries cease;
We seek not the fevers that flash o'er the brain.
We seek not the pleasures that lead but to pain!
Here, here, do we seek true emotion to find,
And Peace spreads her charm o'er the heart and the mind.

Come! come! rally round us, the flag is unfurl'd,
And it floats forth in beauty the pride of the world;
Quick, quick, spread the sound o'er the land, o'er the sea.
Joy, joy to the world, for the drunkard is free!

THE DAYS WE WENT TO SIGN THE PLEDGE.

Air—"The days we went a Gypsying."

E. P. H.

In the days we went to sign the pledge
A long time ago,
The speakers on the platform
Were seated in a row;
And drunkards told the horrid tales
Of wretchedness and woe,
In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago.

The thoughts of long past hapless years
Were present to my mind!
Nor peace, nor hope, nor happiness,
We any where could find;
When, lo! the Temperance star appeared,
With glory on its brow:
In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago.

And now we love the social cheer,
Of the bright winter eve;
We have no cause for sigh or tear,
We have no cause to grieve,
Our wives are clad, our children fed,
We boast where'er we go,
'Twas all because we signed the pledge,
A long time ago.

And England long shall bless the time,
When our great cause arose,
To crown her with its glorious light,
And crush her daring foes!
And may God bless the Temperance cause
Wherever it shall go,
And keep us to the pledge we signed,
A long time ago.

THE BONNY BREWER.

AIR—"Green grow the Rushes O!"

W. F. WODSON.

Sweet run the rivers O,
Sweet run the rivers O;
The sweetest draughts that e'er we drink,
Are drawn from out the rivers O!

Through all the West who brews the best,
In streams to flow forever O;
'Tis Nature brews, and we will choose,
To tiddle at the river O!
Sweet run the rivers O!

Through all the East who spreads the feast,
So drink and we will love her O;
'Tis nature brews and we will choose,
To tiddle at the river O!
Sweet run the rivers O!

TEMPERANCE MELODIES.

Through all the South each grateful mouth
 Shall drink and bless the giver O ;
 'Tis nature brews, and we will choose,
 To tipple at the river O !

Sweet run the rivers O !

While through the North she sends it forth,
 Can we refuse?—no, never O :

'Tis nature brews, and we will choose,
 To tipple at the river O !

Sweet run the rivers O !

All Points declare the Lovely Fair,
 Is honest as she's clever O ;
 Round, round, then pass the honest glass,
 And tipple at the river, O !

Sweet run the rivers O !

He will deserve the useless nerve,
 And life shall soon be over, O !
 Who still forsakes the power that makes,
 The bright and noble river O !

Sweet run the rivers O !

Then widely name the bonny Dame,
 'Till all the world shall love her O ;
 And while she brews, we'll always choose,
 And tipple at the river O !

Sweet run the rivers O !

THE SORROWFUL RIDE.

AIR—" *The Mistletoe Bough.*"

BY W. F. WODSON.

Young Robson rode forth on his dark bright grey,
 For his heart was light on that April day ;
 And many a wish to his welfare ran,
 As he was a brave and a kind young man :

He loved a warm friend in the fertile West,
For Love was the Lord of his youthful breast,
A long day of friendship that soon flew o'er,
The friends had once pass'd, and oft wish'd one more.

O, the sorrowful ride !

The joys to renew of that pleasing day,
Young Robson rode forth on his dark bright-grey,
The bourn, as he crossed it, was calm and bright,
And he smiled on its breast, for his heart was light—
They met,—and as if they could part no more ;
They met,—and the day went swiftly o'er ;
The glass was again on the board to swell
The joys of the friends ; and the evening fell.

O, the sorrowful ride !

But yet they must part, and the hour is nigh,
They mark not, though death with his dart stands by ;
Once more then see him, so light and so gay,
Young Robson again on his dark bright-grey ;
He rides to the bourn, but sees not his line,
His senses are bound by the deep red wine ;
Bewildered he falls, ere the stream he crost,
He struggles a moment,—is lost,—is lost.

O, the sorrowful ride !

When the tale of death reached the fertile West,
How wild were the pangs of his friend's warm breast ;
While he mourned the power of death's well drawn shaft,
A victim he saw to the deep-red draught ;
And a pledge he gave in the world's gay face,
Hence, none to his board should the wine-cup trace :
Nor draught should be there with strength to bind,
The heaven-like pleasures and powers of mind.

O, the sorrowful ride !

O, had it been given, ere that April day,
Young Robson rode forth on his dark bright-grey,
He had,—while each wish to his welfare ran :—
Had yet lived a brave and a kind young man ;

But in the church-yard, by the lone old gate,
Now many a sigh is heard for his fate :
While a tablet each wanderer calls aside,
And tells the tale of The Sorrowful Ride.

O, the sorrowful ride !

SONG.

MINISTERIAL INFLUENCE.

AIR—"Rory O'More."

W. F. WODSON.

Oh, these water-made people, I pity them all,
For Rechabite phizzes are white as the wall ;
The command to drink water they say is divine :
But how can that be when the parson drinks wine ?

Instead of being merry, and cherry, and strong,
Like plaster-made men, see them creeping along,
The poor silly people in nothing can shine,
For the parson to write a good sermon drinks wine.

The priest from his talking, or preaching or books,
Or may be he sees in Teetotaller's looks,
That cigars are of God, and the bottle divine,
And grateful for all things, drinks deeply of wine.

Is the priest not instructed by God for our guide
In our prayers—at our table—and by the fireside :
Tobacco's from God, if cigars are divine,
And there's no sin in ale if the parson drink wine.

Folk may say we are foolish, that wine is not ale.
Yet we know a crow-bar from a tenpenny nail :
The bar and the nail we know come from one mine,
And if wine be of God, why then ale is divine.

If, to shew what men should be, the parson be given,
A model by God to form mortals for Heaven,
Then laugh, my boys, laugh—let the white faces whine !
If the bottle's of Heaven, the barrel's divine.

THE TEETOTALLER ABROAD.

AIR—"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife."

W. F. WODSON.

A pale teetotaller once came down,
And abused with all his might, man,
Fine old Ale and Boniface Brown,
'Till the village was all in a fright, man;
He bawled about water an hour—good lack!
So we bade him be off to the right, man,
And said, when we saw his long, thin back,
We would drink his health at night, man.

But he came again, and he talked so long,
'Till he quarrelled with Boniface Brown, man,
And we thought the ale wasn't quite so strong
As it was when he first came down, man;
We thought his back was not quite so thin,
His face not quite so pale man,
And we said, if he pleased, he might step in,
With his stories about old ale, man.

He talked so well when he next came down,
In a speech so finely made, man,
That we heartily wished, each Boniface Brown
Would turn to some other trade, man;
We plainly saw that fine spring water,
As shewn in that long-drawn tale, man,
Is very much finer, and very much better,
And cheaper than fine old ale, man.

Then we wondered why, the facts so clear,
We ne'er had seen before, man;
But we just drank on from year to year,
And thought of naught but the score man.
For now we see that many are dead
Who might have been hearty and hale, man,
If they had but listened to all he said,
In his lessons about old ale, man.

We times on times, ere he got free,
 Shook his hand with all our might, man,
 And we asked him to come to dinner and tea,
 And oblige us by staying all night, man ;
 And we'll ask him to come to the village and stay,
 Amongst us, his days to spend, man,
 And the village shall call him every day,
 Its guide, and instructor, and friend, man.

THE WATER NYMPH.

AIR—" *The Campbell's are coming.*"

W. F. WODSON.

Though he come 'till he's tired and woo on his knee,
 If he will not drink water he shall not have me ;
 Should he come not again I will not sit and cry,
 There'll be men who drink water for all bye and bye.

If all were like me we would shew them the door,
 If they drink not the stream that is sparkling and pure ;
 We would give not a moment to tales they might tell,
 And not one should be wed 'till he drink from the well.
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

I shall try to do right and leave all the rest,
 For two loves cannot live in the same little breast ;
 One love can but live in one heart—so then, see !
 If he love ale and whiskey, how can he love me !
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

If he come I shall fill him a cup of the best
 From the stream as it runs and his love I will test ;
 If he flinch from the draught, oh, it never can be,
 I must have his whole love, or he won't do for me.
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

He may turn to the left, or pass on to the right,
 And may look for another, more fit, in his flight ;
 If he buy ale and whiskey he cannot buy bread,
 So to live with a drunkard I soon should be dead.
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

Now then these he must do, if I do what I ought,
He must love me in word, and must love me in thought ;
And thus life made by cold-water power shall tell,
For I've faith in the draughts that are ta'en from the well
Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

LOVE SHALL BE THE CONQUEROR.

AIR—" *Weel may the keel row.*"

E. P. H.

As I awoke one morning :
While yet the stars were burning,
To my poor spirit yearning,
I heard an angel sing
Love shall be the conqueror,
Love shall be the conqueror,
Love shall be the conqueror,
And drive away the sin.

What though the world in slavery,
Beneath the grasp of knavery,
With these bold words of bravery,
We'll make the whole world ring,
Love shall be the conqueror.

A laugh may taunt the faithless,
A story may daunt the breathless,
But we through all are scathless—
And let them laugh who win ;
Love shall be the conqueror.

By Faith, by Hope, by Patience,
We'll spread the Truth of Temperance ;
By Love, by Light, by Diligence,
We'll usher virtue in ;
Love shall be the conqueror.

The drunkard's chain is broken,
The word of peace is spoken,
The pledge book is the token,
That bright days shall begin,
And Love shall be the conqueror.

And, hark ! the pealing chorus,
 Angels are hovering o'er us,
 The just men gone before us,
 We hear their spirits sing,
 Love shall be the conqueror.

Hurrah ! the day is dawning,
 The day-star is returning ;
 So downward thro' the morning
 We'll drive away the sin,
 And Love shall be the conqueror,--
 Love shall be the conqueror,
 And drive away the sin.

• • •
WE'LL FREE THE SLAVE.

AIR—" *Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon.*"

How bright the sun of freedom burns ;
 From mount to mount, from shore to shore,
 The slave departs, the man returns,
 The reign of force and fraud is o'er ;
 'Tis Truth's own beam from sea to sea,
 From mount to mount, from vale to wave ;
 Her ministers this night we are,
 To free, to free, to free the Slave.

We'll free the slave of every clime,
 Whate'er the chain that binds his soul ;
 We'll publish forth this truth sublime
 From farthest Indus to the Pole,
 That man, how proud so'ere he be,
 Is but a poor and paltry knave,
 Who joins not now with you and me
 To free, to free, to free the Slave.

We'll free the slave, the poison'd bowl
 Hath fetter'd too low crime and care,
 We'll bid him burst its harsh control,
 And break its fetters of despair ;
 We'll free the slave of Tammon's power,
 And War's poor darling called the brave ;
 We'll free them all, yes, from this hour ;
 We'll free ! we'll free ! we'll free the Slave !

Poor drunkards from their reckless glee,
 Shall spring to freedom and to light,
 And what they shall be you may see ;
 Drunkards reclaimed are here to night,
 And Christians from their sleep supine,
 And worldlings from their moral grave,
 And Spirits of the Blest shall join,
 To free, to free, to free the Slave.

You laugh ! but, ah, you do not know
 How great a power the truth can wield,
 Thought always aims the surest blow,
 And wisdom is the safest shield,
 The spirits of six thousand years
 Are round us, and they make us brave ;
 Come, Brothers, quell ignoble fears,
 And free, and free, and free the Slave.

WE'LL DRIVE AWAY THE BOWL.

Air—" *We'll drown it in the Bowl.*"

"When glasses sparkle round the board,"
 And the bright wine shows its power,
 And wit in many a kindling word
 Beguiles the joyous hour,
 Oh, touch not thou the sparkling cup,
 'Tis poison to the soul ;
 In virtue's honest strength stand up,
 And drive away the bowl.
 And drive away the bowl.

Though leagued with many an ancient lie
 That charmed cup be seen,
 By Virtue's aid both you and I
 Will dim its dazzling sheen ;
 We'll set at naught its feeble strength,
 And burst its poor control,
 And earth shall join with us at length
 To drive away the bowl.
 To drive away the bowl,

And yet we never will forego
 True joys that bless the soul,
 Wit, love, and life around shall flow,
 And happiness shall roll;
 We say with truth, yes, bravely say,
 We'll burst a slave's control;
 Care, sorrow, sin—we'll drive away,
 We'll drive away the Bowl.

HOPE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

AIR—"Oh, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night."

E. P. H.

Oh, tell me not of happiness,
 For me its smiles are o'er,
 My cup of sorrow now is full,
 I shall be glad no more,
 I am a Drunkard, old and vile,
 And hope I cannot see:
 Fear not, but sign the Temperance Pledge,
 And thou shalt happy be.

Chorus:
all voices.]

My wife sits weeping in that home,
 Whence every joy hath fled,
 I hear her mild rebuking tone,
 Oh, would that I were dead;
 Ah, she has died a thousand deaths,
 And shed sad tears for me:
 Fear not, but sign the Temperance Pledge.
 And she shall happy be.

Chorus.]

I've Children in their quiet grave,
 Some stand behind to mourn;
 I would that they were in the land
 Whence they could ne'er return;
 For they will rise to curse my name,
 No light, no love to see:
 Fear not but sign the Temperance Pledge,
 And they shall happy be.

Chorus.]

I've lost my hope, I've lost my trust,
 I've broken every tie,
 And I must wander through the world
 A living death to die ;
 My heart aches with a thousand pangs,
 Naught but despair I see ;

Chorus.] Fear not but sign the Temperance Pledge,
 And thou shalt happy be.

We've trod though many a devious path
 Of sorrow, sin, and shame,
 But here beside the Temperance Pledge,
 We first restored our name ;
 And brother, whosoe'er thou art,
 Stand fast and thou shalt see,
 That he who signs the Temperance Pledge,
 May also happy be.

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE TEMPERATE TOO.

AIR—" *The Bonnets of Blue.*"

Hark, and we'll sing you a Temperance Song,
 We'll sing you a Temperance Song ;
 And he who will sing it with all his heart too,
 Will find he is not in the wrong ;
 'Tis good to be merry and wise,
 'Tis good to be honest and true,
 But if you'd be so, you must bear in mind,
 You'll have to be temperate too.

Drinking has ruin'd full many a soul,
 Has ruin'd full many a soul,
 And if you'd escape, take the warning in time,
 And touch not the horrible bowl ;
 Though everything now may be fair,
 And life may seem bright to your view,
 Oh, if you'd be sav'd from a drunkard's grave,
 You'll have to be temperate too.

Tell me no more of the pleasures of wine,
 No more of the pleasures of wine ;
 A poison is there, and 'twill soon lay you low,
 Tho' bright in the cup it may shine ;

Tho' now you may think it will be
 Quite easy to bid it adieu,
 You'll find before long, if you wish to be free,
 You'll have to be temperate, too.

THE PLEDGE.

AIR—" *Brave old Oak.*"

A song to the pledge—the conquering pledge,
 That is blessing the wide—wide world;
 One voice let us raise, to its glory and praise,
 And to those who its banner unfurled.
 It is gentle and meek when it dryeth the cheek
 Of the wife and her babe forlorn;
 And it showeth its might when despair takes flight,
 As darkness before the morn.
 Then sing to the pledge—the conquering pledge—
 That triumphs by land and sea;
 And still may it fight, for the good—for the right—
 'Till the world shall be bless'd and free.
 It shall bring the times when the Sabbath chimes,
 Shall fall sweetly on every ear;
 And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
 Shall be filled with love sincere;
 And night and day shall the old men pray
 That such blessings may aye remain;
 And when they are dead—in the churchyard laid—
 Their sons shall the pledge maintain.
 Then sing to the pledge—the conquering pledge—
 That triumphs by land and sea;
 And still may it fight, for the good—for the right—
 'Till the world shall be blessed and free.

LIFT UP THE STANDARD.

AIR—" *Ye Mariners of England.*"

Lift up, lift up the standard,
 And plant it near the well!
 And gathered underneath its folds
 A choral anthem swell!

The anthem that is set in praise
 Of brooks and cisterns sing!
 Give one strain to the rain,
 Give another to the spring;
 Yea, give a chorus, loud and long,
 To aqueduct and spring.

Ye heroes of the bottle,
 Who "bumper" every toast,
 Who keep your wine in cobwebs wrapped,
 And make its age your boast,
 The oldest wine your vaults have known
 From press or vat to flow,
 Is new to the dew
 That six thousand years ago,
 Came down to fill our cups one night,
 Six thousand years ago.

Then up the Temperance Standard!
 And plant it by the well,
 And shaded by its waving folds
 A choral anthem swell.
 The anthem that is set to chime,
 With babbling waters sing.
 Give one strain to the rain,
 Give another to the spring:
 Yea, give a chorus, loud and long,
 To aqueduct and spring!

THE BIRD'S SONG.

AIR—"Pirates' Serenade."

I ask'd a sweet Robin one morning in May,
 Who sung in the apple tree over the way,
 What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
 For I'd tried a long time but I could not find out;
 Why, I'm sure, she replied, you cannot guess wrong,
 Don't you know I am singing a Temperance song.

"Teetotal—O, that's the first word of my lay,
 And then don't you see how I rattle away,
 'Tis because I've just dipp'd my beak in the spring,
 And brushed the fair face of the Lark with my wing,
 COLD WATER, COLD WATER, yes that is my song,
 And I love to keep singing it all the day long."

"And now my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb,
For the dear little nestlings waiting at home?
And one thing beside: since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the COLD WATER ARMY belong."

THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

AIR—"The Englishman."

Let Princes veil each haughty brow,
The warrior don his crest,
I name a nobler hero, now,
Tho' starless be his breast.
The soldier on his blazing shield,
May paint his dazzling fame,
But I can point to a nobler field,
And name a nobler name;
'Tis a nobler *name*, deny it who can,
That's borne by a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN.

There's a silken tie that sweetly binds
Around the wayward soul,
Yet holds ten thousand noble minds
Within its blest control.
It brightens every nation's lot,
In every land 'tis known,
And as it own's the peasant's cot,
It props the Monarch's throne.
'Tis a glorious *pledge*, deny it who can,
That's borne by a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN.

There's a home, a gay and smiling home,
Where all the virtues reign,
Where love and peace, and goodness come
To their own bright domain;
The heart that beats, the feet that tread
That sweet domestic ground,
Thro' virtue's safest paths are led
To pour their light around.
'Tis a glorious *home*, deny it who can,
That's fill'd by a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN.

Our work is glorious, let us move
 The trampled heart to raise,
 To fill the earth with notes of love,
 And heaven with notes of praise;
 And worlds to come shall bless the light
 The Temperance Teacher gave;
 And those who sought his name to blight
 Shall bless his humble grave.
 'Tis a glorious *work*, deny it who can,
 The work of a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN.

WHERE IS THE SLAVE SO LOWLY.

AIR—"*Where is the Slave so lowly.*"

ADAPTED BY THOMAS HARRISON.

Where is the slave so lowly,
 Condemned to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 O soul, whose sins degrade it,
 Look up to God that made it!
 Look up, and dare
 To fly the snare—
 The cup that has betray'd it!
 Rally round us—one and all!
 Intemperance shall fall!

Hark! at the summons, bretheren
 On every side are gathering!
 To aid the strife
 For truth—for life—
 And home's delights unwithering!
 We tread the land that bore us!
 The Temperance flag is o'er us!
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side!
 And the foe we hate before us!
 Onward—onward, one and all!
 Intemperance shall fall!

THE BRIDAL FEAST.

AIR—"The Mistletoe Bough."

BY D. LAURENCE REYNOLDS, ABERGAVENNY.

The banners blaze in the festive hall,
 The flowers are wreathing both window and wall,
 And the tenants in garments, new and gay,
 Are met in the hall on this festive day:
 The landlord beholds, with a father's pride,
 His beautiful daughter this day a bride,
 While her sparkling eyes and her brow so fair,
 Proclaim her the loveliest maiden there.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

The table is cleared and the wine appears,
 And each to the bride a full bumper clears,
 While with a blithe and joyous heart,
 All the fair maids from the hall depart;
 Oh, now are the sports of the day begun,
 Now is there drinking, and laughter, and fun,
 And toasts are repeated, and many a gay song
 Is heard with delight by that jovial throng.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

At length the long night begins to decline,
 And a bumper is filled of the strongest wine!
 A poltroon is he who drains not the whole,
 The last lingering drop of the well-filled bowl!
 The bridegroom, though he can scarcely stand,
 Seizes the glass with a trembling hand,
 And drinking long life to his lovely bride,
 He falls down a corpse by her father's side.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

He sleeps not alone in his early grave,
 The fair bride sleeps with the bridegroom brave.
 She heard of his fate with many a sad tear,
 And her young heart broke on her husband's bier.
 Oh sad was their fate, but destructive wine,
 No tongue can recount what evils are thine,
 Thou hurriedst off in their joy and their bloom,
 The maiden and youth to their early tomb.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

FOR ALL OF HUMAN KIND.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

BY E. P. H.

What'ere of darkness dims our eye,
 Or hangs upon our mind,
 Let's crush the pang and heave a sigh,
 For all of human kind.

For all of human kind my friend,
 For all of human kind,
 Let's breathe a prayer to work and bless,
 The whole of human kind.

We cannot breathe a prayer in vain,
 Love never sows the wind,
 And every heart shall share the boon,
 That prays for human kind.

For all.

Why weepest thou brother, tell me why,
 Harsh thoughts oppress thy mind;
 We all are brethern, let us then,
 Be to each brother kind.

For all.

Hath drunkenness oppress'd thy heart.
 Hath folly made thee blind
 Open thy eyes, in temperance see
 A friend to human kind.

For all.

I too have sinn'd—I too have felt,
 How sin may snare the mind,
 But pardon'd when to heaven I knelt,
 I felt for human kind.

For all.

Are we not one? a mother's love,
 Around each heart hath twin'd;
 Are we not one? one home above,
 Our best bright hopes hath shrin'd

For all.

Are we not one? oh then as one,
 Let us our spirits bind,
 And pray, and work, and labor on,
 To bless all human kind.
 For all of human kind my friend, &c.

I'VE HEARD THE PRAISE OF ROSY WINE.

AIR—"The Rose of Allendale."

I've heard the praise of rosy wine,
 In dulcet measure song:
 And oft, with wild and loud applause,
 The festive hall has rung,
 Let drunkards wake their noisy harps
 And Bacchus' praises sing,—
 By far the sweetest drink for me
 Is water from the spring.
 Is water from the spring,
 Is water from the spring;
 By far the sweetest drink for me
 Is water from the spring.

Whene'er I wander from my home,
 How distant, far, or wide,
 I fear no danger on my way,
 While Temperance is my guide
 With her my course I fearless steer,
 Secure beneath her wing;
 And health and happiness enjoy,
 By water from the spring.
 By water from the spring, &c.

She shelters me from all the ills
 The drunkard knows and feels;
 The bruised reed she does not break—
 The wounded spirit heals;
 And when, at last life's journeys o'er,
 That sweet repose she'll bring—
 Like infant's sleep—as sweet and pure
 As water from the spring.
 As water from the spring, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE HOME.

AIR—"Meet me by moonlight alone."

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

Sweet is the temperance home!
 Its smiles, and its joys, and its tears!
 For the heart in the temperance home
 Is the well-spring of all that endears;
 The world's pleasure-gaude I despise,
 They glitter and vanish like foam;
 But a deeper emotion there lies
 In the charms of my temperance home.

The tavern may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free,
 But I wish not the bondage away,
 That is dearer than freedom to me:
 For, circled by spirits that love,
 I sigh not for pleasure to roam!
 I ask not a transport above
 The delights of my temperance home!



HOW BEAUTIFUL, HOW BEAUTIFUL.

AIR—"Jerusalem, Jerusalem."

E. P. H.

How beautiful, how beautiful 'twould be if we could see
 Our own dear land, this glorious land, from vile intem-
 perance free.

If all her sons would stand erect, the temperance cause
 to bear,

And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their
 shining hair.

How beautiful, how beautiful, if every brother's name
 Were rescued from its old reproach, the scoffing and
 the shame;

And dashing every chain away, how beautiful to see,
 The drunkard starting to the man, the noble and the free.

How beautiful, how beautiful, if thro' this ocean isle,
Each village wore the coming glimpse of a redeeming
smile;

Then should the ruins of the state erect in glory stand,
And hope relume her dying torch, to lighten up our land.

Yes, beautiful, most beautiful, and shortly we shall see
This land, our own dear native land, from vile intem-
perance free;

Shall see her sons all stand erect, the temperance cause
to bear,

And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their
shining hair.

THE JOLLY TEETOTALLER.

AIR—"Did you ne'er hear of a Jolly Young Waterman."

O did you ne'er hear of a jolly teetotalter,

How that he once a poor drunkard had been?

Was broken in spirit and poverty-stricken,

The ruefullest creature that ever was seen;

But when soul and body, and fortune were sinking,

He heard of the pledge, and he left off his drinking,

And from that happy hour does he often declare,

The teetotalter never knew sorrow or care.

His purse was refilled, and his credit restored him;

His health came again, and his spirits were light;

His wife dried her tears, as she blest and ador'd him,

And his little ones welcomed him home with delight;

And naught cared he, 'mid these pleasures endearing,

For his former associates gibing or jeering,

But striving to win them away from the snare,

The teetotalter never new sorrow or care.

But temperance yielded far more than the blessings
Of health, and of hope, and a plentiful board;

She gave him a heart that was gentle and loving,

A mind with the treasures of knowledge well stored

He burst asunder the bonds that fetter

Man's yearnings, for that which is nobler and better;

And while thus did the jolly teetotalter fare,

O how could he ever know sorrow or care?

RECHABITE TRIUMPH HYMN.

AIR—"The Maid of Judah."

BY E. P. H.

No more shall the sons of Rechab dwell
Alone in the eastern clime,
But their fame shall arise, while his children tell
The deeds of the olden time.
From the drifting sands and sungirt shores,
To the snows of our northern hills,
They have pass'd, and lo, their mighty breath
The wide earth round us fills.

Three thousand years, and a rolling stone
Is scattered on Babylon's plain,
And Greece has lost her classic dome,
And Rome her sceptred reign.
Three thousand years, and nations vast
Have gone to the deep earth down;
And the fame of many a monarch pass'd
With the flash of his gorgeous crown.

Three thousand years, and the sacred lights
Have died on Judah's hill,
And tones that thrill'd with love or mirth,
Are hush'd in death and still.
But the sons of Rechab still are met
As their fathers met of yore;
And the vow among them lingers yet,
To touch the wine no more.

They meet on Asia's sandy plains,
Broad, boundless, wild and free;
They meet on England's broad domains,
Those sons of liberty.
His SONS—they shall rise a plant of fame,
To brighten and bless earth's sod;
And may each son of Rechab bear the name,
Ere long, the Sons of God.

TEETOTALISM AT HOME.

AIR—"Sweet Home."

BY W. F. WODSON.

I have looked through the world, and to this have I come,
 There is no home so blest as the Teetotal Home;
 'Tis beloved by our God, and the angels admire,
 And they guard the loved forms by the Teetotal fire.

Home, blest home,

There is no home so blest as the Teetotal home.

See the angels approaching, with blessings they come,
 To spread round the hearth of the Teetotal home;
 They are laden from heaven for those they admire,
 And they'll bide, as at home, by the Teetotal fire.

Home, blest home.

They will stay and watch over our pillows at night;
 And they'll lead thro' the day if we ask them aright;
 Thus we taste of that life unto which we aspire,
 For the angels are guests by the Teetotal fire.

Home, blest home, &c.

AN ELEGY AND AN INVOCATION.

AIR—"The last Rose of Summer."

Alas! that a spirit
 So gentle and meek,
 That to eyes gave a language,
 And kindled the cheek,
 From its sphere should have fallen,
 Degraded—follorn,
 A scoff and a hissing,
 A by-word of scorn.

Once peerless in beauty,
 Thy beauty is dead,
 Thy flowers are all blasted,
 Their perfume is fled,
 And the brow of thy mother
 Is ploughed with deep shame,
 And thy sister, who loves thee,
 She weeps at thy name.

If a syren sung sweetly,
 Presenting the bowl,
 "Banish care, banish sorrow,
 Give joy to thy soul ;"
 If the song was insidious,
 And nature was frail,
 And thy fortitude flattered
 While listening the tale !

Oh ! forget the delusion,
 There's brightness above
 That is waiting to fall
 Like a garland of love ;
 There is dew in the heaven's
 To cleanse what is base,
 With a plenteous renewing
 Of virtue and grace.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

AIR—" *Oh, but ye've been lang a comin'.*"

Our gallant banner stream'd in air,
 And all bright colors blended there,
 So brightly gay, so sweetly fair,
 That none was aye so glorious.
 The bravest forms around it crowd,
 And beauty tender, soft, and proud,
 They raise the welcome, long and loud,
 To hail it all victorious.

Oh but its been long a comin',
 Long a comin', long a comin' ;
 Oh but its been long a comin',
 Welcome royal temperance.

Where'er that banner deck'd the plain,
 Bright blessings fell like fresh'ning rain ;
 It floated on without a stain,
 So radiant and glorious.

Old sin ran cowering back to hell,
 Fair freedom rung oppressions knell,
 And fame her trumpet raised to tell,
 Our banner was victorious.

Oh but its been long a comin'.

And can it be that there is one,
 Who will not round the standard run,
 And boast himself a gallant son,
 Of cause so great and glorious :
 Oh he is drink's dishonored slave ;
 We love the true, the bold, the brave,
 Now comrades rush the lost to save,
 And prove our flag victorious.
 Oh but its been long a comin'.

THE BLUSHING ROSE.

AIR—" *Drink to me only with thine eyes.*"

BY CHARLES THURBER, ESQ.

The rose that shoots so gaily up,
 To deck the flowery plain,
 With blushes holds its little cup
 To catch the genial rain ;
 And then it looks so gay and fair,
 Within its native bower,
 That all delight to breathe the air
 And linger near the flower.

Let drunkards drink the foaming bowl,
 And join the revel cry,
 If it were mine I'd dash the whole
 Where all such bowls should lie.
 I'd think I heard the rosy bush
 Thus whispering merrily,
 Oh hie thee where the waters gush,
 And take a glass with me.

When drunkards breathe their latest breath,
 Forgot or loath'd they lie ;
 Oh such a death is not the death
 That I should like to die.
 But let my drink, like flowrets gay,
 The crystal waters be,
 That when I die, sweet memory may,
 Delight to dwell on me.

TEETOTAL CHORUS.

Air—" *The Fall of Babylon.*"

BY DR. M'GAVID, BODMIN.

Hail the day when all poor drunkards
Shall obtain a full release,
From thy slavish bonds, intemperance,
And their families live in peace ;
In our free and native country,
Many thousands loudly roar,
Drunkenness is fallen to rise no more.

Shout aloud, Teetotal Choir,
Higher still your voices raise,
See old Alcohol on fire,
Clap your hands, and fan the blaze ;
Burn the mash-tubs, stave the barrels,
Throw the coolers out of doors.
Drunkenness is fallen, &c.

Tidleywinks shall fall forever,
At Teetotal's powerful sound ;
Public houses, too, shall quiver,
Landlords' sign-boards must come down ;
Raise your notes, ye brave teetotallers,
Young and old, and rich and poor,
Drunkenness is fallen, &c.

All the landlords cry with wonder,
What is this that's come to pass ?
Murmuring like some distant thunder,
Crying, Oh ! Alas ! Alas !
We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
Onward, cry, from shore to shore,
Drunkenness is fallen, &c.

Christians raise your gladsome voices,
Swell the glorious tidings round,
Heaven and earth in love rejoices,
Satan trembles at the sound ;
Now our ranks in gladness gather,
On we march in deathless power,
Teetotal raise to fall no more.

WILL YE GO WITH US ?

TUNE—"All on Hobbies."

We have entered the field and are ready to fight
 Against the rum demon from morning 'till night;
 The groggeries, too, we're determined to crush,
 And drink good cold water to nerve for the rush;
 Who will go with us—will ye go with us?
 Will you go with us for temperance, too.

We're determined to conquer or die in the fight,
 For we can't bear the Rum-holes at all in our sight;
 They look bad, they smell bad, they are bad, we know,
 So come along with us, for on we will go;
 Who will go with us, will you go with us;
 Will you go with us for temperance, too.

Now ye Rum-selling gents our advice is to you,
 Just drop your foul traffic, it never will do;
 Is is injuring us, it is ruining you,
 So get yourselves out and go teetotal too:

Who will go with us, &c.

And ladies, dear ladies, we ask you to night,
 Just go along with us and aid in the fight;
 With you on our side this is what we will do,—
 We will make all the toppers go teetotal too:

Who will go with us, &c.

"OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE."

The Liverpool boys are all playing the dickens;
 The night of confusion around me now thickens;
 Unless the Rum business in some of us quickens,
 We shall soon have to cut with our rum;
 It's oh dear, what can the matter be,
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be;
 What have I done with my jolly old customers,
 What shall I do with my rum.

I used to get rich through the toiling mechanic,
 Who spent all his wages in pleasures satanic;
 But now I confess I am in a great panic,
 Because I can sell no more rum
 Oh dear, what &c.

My customers once to my bar came flocking,
Some without coat, or shoe, or stocking;
But now I declare it is really quite shocking,
I cannot dispose of my Rum.
Oh dear, what, &c.

I once clothed in satin my wife and my daughter,
But now they wear calico—what is the matter;
They've left off my Rum for the sake of cold water;
Oh what shall I do with my rum;
O dear, what, &c.

I'll tell you I'll quit, the Rum is no use to me;
It's been a continual source of abuse to me;
The friends of Temperance, I hope, will stick close to me,
So soon as I give up my Rum;

And it's oh dear, what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be;
Good bye my Rum-drinking customers,
I vow I will sell no more Rum.

THE TRADES' COMBINATION.

AIR.—The Washing Day.

Times won't be good, 'tis plain to see,
Till we are rid of Alcohol,
And then we'll have a glorious time,
To roll the temperance ball;
Then let us rouse with might and main,
Together one and all,
And work, and work, and work, and work,
Against old Alcohol.

The farmers want good times again,
To sell their wheat and pork;
And to get rid of Alcohol,
They're going right to work.
They'll plough, and reap, and sow, and mow,
And gather their crops next fall,
And thrash, and thrash, and thrash, and thrash,
And thrash old Alcohol.

The laboring men they want more work,
And higher wages too :
They'll help to roll the Temperance ball,
With better times in view ;
They'll saw, and chop, and grub, and dig,
And shovel, and shovel away,
Without a drop of Alcohol,
By night or yet by day.

The tailors, too, they're on the spot,
To roll the Temperance ball ;
They know they never get a job
From old King Alcohol.
They'll cut, and baste, and cabbage, and sponge,
And press, and sow, and hem,
And stitch, and stitch, and stitch, and stitch,
For all the temperance men.

Shoemakers, too, with right good will,
Will join the working throng,
And what they do for temperance,
They'll do both neat strong ;
They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and stitch,
And peg, and black, and ball,
And peg, and peg, and peg, and peg,
And peg old Alcohol.

The hatters do not want to see
Their kettle standing dry,
Just give them room to sign the pledge,
And then the fur will fly ;
They'll nap, and block, and collar, and bind,
Together one and all,
And finish, and finish, and finish, and finish,
And finish old Alcohol.

The blacksmiths they will roll up sleeves,
And make their sledges swing,
And in the cause of temperance,
They'll make their anvils ring ;
They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld,
And make the cinders fly,
And hammer, and hammer, and hammer, and
For Alcohol must die. [hammer,

The coopers they are on the way,
 With barrels ready made,
 To pack away old Alcohol,
 And send him to the shade;
 They'll raise, and crause, and gauge, and hoop,
 With hoops both great and small,
 And hoop, and hoop, and hoop, and hoop,
 And hoop old Alcohol.

The ladies, too, they're on the way,
 To work in the great cause,
 And what they do for temperance,
 Will meet with our applause;
 They'll laugh, and sigh, and simper, and cry,
 And crush the monster down,
 And they'll talk, and talk, and talk, and talk,
 And talk him out of town.

And thus we'll shout, and thus we'll sing,
 Until our journey's o'er;
 A glorious victory we'll obtain,
 When Alchy is no more;
 Then let us rouse, with might and main,
 Together one and all,
 And shout, huzza for temperance,
 And down with Alcohol.

IT WILL NEVER DO TO GIVE IT UP SO.

AIR.—*"It will never do to give it up so."*

We've fought the battle very long,
 And now we'll sing a little song,
 To raise our spirits, getting low,
 For it won't do to give it up so.

It'll never do to give it up so,
 It will never do to give it up so,
 It will never do to give it up so, Oh no,
 It will never do to give it up so.

We've had a hard and lengthy race,
 We still keep on the same old pace;

So long as rum shall lay men low,
It will never do to give it up so.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've met misfortunes on our way,
But they have failed our course to stay;
We still keep moving on the track,
And never think of turning back.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

'Tis true we've lost some one or two,
Who could not keep from getting blue;
But now's the time to help them along,
And sing to them the words of the song.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

If you have tumbled off the track,
Have broke the pledge, and on your back,
Don't give it up, but try again,
Come sign once more, and still be a man.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

Those who sell the liquor, too,
We have a word to say to you;
Better away your liquor throw,
For we will never give it up so.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've tried it hard, we've tried it long,
We've tried the speech, we've tried the song,
We've tried the mouth, we've tried the pen,
If they wont do we'll try them again.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

"OLD SIR TODDY."

AIR.—"*Old Dan Tucker.*"

Come all ye who are fond of singing,
Let us set a song a ringing;
Sound the chorus strong and hearty,
And we will make a jovial party.

Get out of the way, Old Sir Toddy,
Get out of the way, Old Sir Toddy,
Get out of the way, Old Sir Toddy,
You are a drunken, thievish body,

Some love rum, and some love brandy,
And some drink whate'er comes handy;
But we will lump them in a body,
And we will call them "OLD SIR TODDY."
Get out of the way, &c.

He who drinks cold water only,
Ne'er will feel his fire-side lonely;
But his home a happy place is,
With its merry, smiling faces.
Get out of the way, &c.

All who wish for homes to bless them,
All who wish for girls to kiss them;
List, while soberness is o'er us,
Here's the song, and this is the chorus.
Get out of the way, &c.

Time was once when every body,
Drank his gin or brandy toddy,
But a new reform's beginning,
Drinking liquor now is sinning.
Get out of the way, &c.

Then we used to all get merry,
Drunk on rum, and tipp'd with sherry;
Now we've one as sweet as honey,
Without price and without money.
Get out of the way, &c.

Rum, it makes the botheration,
Deadens all the circulation,
Kills the soul, and kills the body,
All is done by drinking toddy.
Get out of the way, &c.

Now, my friends, come stop your drinking,
Health is gone and fortune sinking;
Come and own that you're mistaken,
Sign the pledge, and save your bacon.
Get out of the way, &c.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

AIR—"The Wandering Boy."

Oh! my clothes are all ragged, and tatter'd, and torn,
I wander about quite unfriended—forlorn ;
On my shelterless head the bleak winter winds blow,
And my poor naked feet are benumb'd in the snow :
No bright blazing fire, with its comforts, I see,
Surrounded with faces all shining with glee!—
Ah! no, the cold street, now deserted and wild,
Is the only home left for the poor Drunkard's Child !

My mother she died in the workhouse hard by,
And I her poor orphan, received her last sigh ;
For her heart, it was broken with anguish and pain—
And I weep, for I never shall see her again ;
My father spent all that he earn'd at the inn,
And drink cut him off in the midst of his sin ;
His last words were curses—his death-bed was wild—
Oh! Friends of Humanity, pity his Child !

I see happy children, all smiling and gay,
And I sigh, for I once was as happy as they ;
Their light, merry laughter falls sad on mine ear—
For ah! they all shun me whene'er I draw near!
The smiles leave their faces—they treat me with scorn,
And it makes me regret that I e'er was born ;
No voice of compassion, so soothing and mild,
E'er cheers the lone heart of the poor Drunkard's Child !

Oh! still must I wander this wild world alone,
Unfed and unshelter'd—disown'd and unknown ;
'Mongst the millions of earth, not a friend can I claim,
To wipe off my tears, or to call me by name ;
On my cold bed of straw I will lie down and die,
And my prison-freed soul shall ascend up on high,
Where JESUS, with accents of mercy so mild,
Shall comfort for ever the poor Drunkard's Child !

THE REAL STAUNCH TEETOTALLER.

AIR—"The fine old English Gentleman."

I'll sing you a new temperance song made by a temper-
 rance pate,
 Of a real staunch Teetotalter, who had a good estate;
 Who kept up his neat mansion, at a good teetotal rate:
 With a little nice teetotal wife, to render sweet the state:
 Of this real staunch Teetotalter—one of the present time.

His house, so neat, was hung around with pictures fine
 to view,
 And rich and beautiful furniture was ranged around
 all new;
 And here at night, when toil was o'er, he'd seat him in
 his pride,
 And quaff his cup of coffee, with his partner by his side,
 Like a real staunch, &c.

He used to beat his weeping wife, and spend his hard
 earned gains,
 In buying whisky, ale, and wine, to stupify his brains:
 His coat was out at elbows, and his hat without a crown,
 In short, he was a common pest, the nuisance of the town,
 Before he turned Teetotalter, &c.

But now so happy is his home, so nicely is he drest,
 He never beats his little wife, but clasps her to his breast:
 And if a tear is in her eye, it is for joy that he
 Has crush'd the drunkard's appetite, and turned out to be
 A real staunch Teetotalter, &c.

Now, surely this is better far, than brandy, ale, or wine;
 And if you wish for happiness, I pray you come and join:
 For I can prove that abstinence has done great things
 for me,
 For once I loved a little drop, but now I am, you see,
 A real staunch Teetotalter, &c.

THE PROCESSION DAY

AIR—" *The Merry Month of May.*"

'Twas in the merry month of May,
 When the bees from flower to flower did hum,
 Teetotallers through the town march'd gay,
 And on they went to the sound of the drum;
 The windows were with beauty crown'd,
 The crowds paraded the village round,
 And on they went through pleasure's bowers,
 Wreath'd with love, and crown'd with flowers.
 CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

Three old women, the first was lame,
 The second was blind, the third was dumb,
 They would not stay behind for shame,
 But hobbled away to the sound of the drum:
 Poor old souls, they did their best,
 To toddle away with all the rest,
 For where there's a will there's always a way,
 So off they went while the band did play.
 CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

See how the tailor leaves his board,
 See, see in a troupe together they come,
 Teetotallers now they have snapt the cord
 That kept them away from the sound of the drum.
 The cobbler leaves his lapstone and awl,
 And hobbles away at glory's call;
 See, see, in our ranks they all unite,
 The working men for the moral fight.
 CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

The soldiers boast of glory and fame,
 With trumpets and fife together they come;
 They boast of glory—an empty name,
 And march with sad hearts to the sound of the drum
 Oh, we are happier far than they,
 For liberty triumphs while we play:
 And while we boast of our glory and fame,
 The world leaps up at the glorious name.
 CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

I care not much for music's charms,
 For the trumpet and fife, if together they come,
 But ever my soul leaps up in arms
 When I hear the sound of the temperance drum.
 Hark, how it rings through the wide, wide world.
 Intemperance from its throne is hurl'd,
 And every chorus seems to say,
 Our foes are scampering while we play.
 CHORUS—"Twas in, &c.

TRY, LADS, TRY !

AIR—" *Polly set the Kettle on.*"

I have ventured out again,
 From my cottage on the plain,
 And despite all toil and pain—
 Hope in view—
 I have come to take your part,
 'Gainst the tempter's wily art;
 Drunkards ! let us make a start,
 Do, lads *Do!*

It is in the drunkard's power
 To be rescued any hour,
 Though the clouds of darkness lower
 Thick and near :
 Let him "bag" his jerry pots,
 Let him shun the place of sots,
 Drunkards ! if you'd mend your lots,
 Hear, *lads*, hear !

See the landlord ! *he* can thrive,
 While with poverty *you* strive :
 When *you* sigh—"Dear heart alive !"
 Watch *him* pass.
 Nodding at you all the while,
 In a Jack-and-Joan like style,
 What's the *meaning* of his smile ?—
 BRASS, LADS, BRASS !

Yes—he wants your brass indeed !
 “Love myself”—aye that’s his creed,
 When the fellow means to feed
 On your pelf.
 Drunkards ! *do as he has done,*
 Keep an eye to number *one* ;
 Let your thoughts be turned upon
 Self, lads, self !

When will English dwellings be
 Edens of felicity ?
 When will English workmen see
 As wise men !

When will truth and common sense
 Prove old England’s best defence ?
 When strong drink is banished hence,
 Then, lads, then.

It’s as easy as “come out”
 To bring this nice change about ;
 If you’d lay these “good for nought”
 Liquids by—
 If instead of jerry-dregs,
 You would let roast beef and eggs
 Occupy your munching pegs,—
 TRY, LADS, TRY!



DRINK—THE WATER DRINK.

AIR—“*Boatmen Dance.*”

Another song we’ll sing to you—
 The same old story, nothing new—
 Of those who get so awful blue,
 They don’t know what on earth to do ;
 But drink, the liquor drink,
 But drink, the liquor drink !
 They drink all night, till broad day light,
 And are all dead drunk in the morning.
 CHORUS—High O ! the drunkards go, } Repeat.
 Falling away like melting snow. }

The drunkards dance, the drunkards sing,
The drunkards drink their brandy sling :
But we can quaff a sweeter bowl,
And still be merry, cheek by jowl ,
Then drink, the water drink,
Then drink, the water drink ;
While we can drink cold water pure,
We'll never sup your brandy.

High O ! the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkards, when they have a *high*,
Low in the ditch or corner lie,
But we drink and never fall,
Nor even in the gutter sprawl ;
Then drink, the water drink,
Then drink, the water drink ;
We'll drink and eat, and sleep so sweet,
And up in the morning early.

High O ! the drunkards go, &c,

The drunkards curse, the drunkards swear,
And for their rum is all their care ;
They drink up all the rum they get,
But we will drink cold water yet ;
Then drink, the water drink,
Then drink, the water drink ;
While we can drink cold water pure,
We'll never sup your brandy.

High O ! the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkard goes home cross at night,
He scolds his wife and has a fight ;
And when he rises from his bed,
O dear ! O dear ! his aching head ;
Then drink, the water drink,
Then drink, the water drink ;
We'll drink and eat and slumber sweet,
And up in the morning early.

High O ! the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkard he spends all his cash,
His credit's lost, and soon he'll smash ;
The poor-house takes the man and wife,
And that's the end of a drunkard's life.

Then drink, the water drink,
 Then drink, the water drink;
 We'll save our gold till we are old,
 And then we'll all enjoy it.

High O! the drunkards go, &c.

But times have changed, now in our day,
 The drunkard's turn'd the other way,
 They leave the rum and sign the pledge,
 And keep the right side of the hedge.

Then drink, the water drink,

Then drink, the water drink;

The drunkard's leave their brandy shops,
 And turn to the living fountain.

High O! the drunkards go, &c.

The toddy stick is rusting out,
 The tapster he has got the gout,
 He'll soon have nothing else to do,
 But sign the pledge and start anew.

Then come, and sign the pledge,

Then come, and sign the pledge;

And "life anew and temperance too,"
 Shall forever be our motto.

High O! the drunkards go, &c.

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

Air—"Long, Long Ago."

BY J. B. GOUGH.

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
 Long, long ago; long, long ago;
 Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,
 Long, long ago; long, long ago;
 Friends that I loved, in the grave are laid low,
 Hopes that I cherish'd are fled from me now,
 I am degraded, for rum was my foe,
 Long, long ago; long, long ago.

Sadly my wife bow'd her beautiful head,
 Long, long ago; long, long ago;

Oh, how I wept when I heard she was dead,
 Long, long ago ; long, long ago ;
 She was an angel, my love, and my guide,
 Vainly to save me from ruin she tried,
 Poor broken heart, it was well that she died,
 Long, long ago ; long, long ago ;
 Let me look back on the days of my youth,
 Long, long ago ; long, long ago ;
 I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
 Long, long ago ; long, long ago ;
 Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day !
 Oh, for the joys that were purer than they !
 Oh, for the hours I have squandered away !
 Long, long ago ; long, long ago.



THE TEMPERANCE TREE.

AIR—" *The Ivy Green.*"

A thriving plant is the temperance tree,
 That spreadeth its branches wide,
 Long may it hale and flourishing be,
 Though heaviest storms betide ;
 Though years roll over, relentless time
 Shall work no slow decay ;
 Unharm'd, uplifted its head sublime,
 And welcome as the flowers in May.
 Fruitful, vigorous, fadeless, free,
 A thriving plant is the Temperance tree.
 Thousands are gather'd beneath its shade,
 And daily their voices ring,
 With heart-felt thanks for the glad homes made,
 The joys which from temperance spring ;
 Though foes endeavor its growth to stay,
 Their efforts shall fruitless prove ;
 Still blooming 'mid storms shall its branches play,
 While cherish'd by virtue and love ;
 Fruitful, vigorous, fadeless free,
 A thriving plant is the temperance tree.

'Twas planted by reason on virtue's soil,
 By tears of patience fed,
 Kind heaven hath smil'd on the work of toil,
 And genial sunbeams shed ;
 Its growth is spreading o'er land and sea,
 And every foreign clime
 Shall taste the fruits of the temperance tree,
 The tree that defies old time ;
 Fruitful, vigorous, fadeless, free,
 A thriving plant is the temperance tree.

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Air—" *To all you Ladies now on Land.*"

May every year but draw more near,
 The time when strife shall cease,
 When truth and love all hearts shall move,
 To live in joy and peace.
 Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
 For folly still her cause maintains ;
 But the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be ;
 And come what there may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
 The word will not regard,
 To noble minds, when duty binds,
 No sacrifice is hard ;
 In vain and long, enduring wrong,
 The weak have strove against the strong
 But the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be ;
 And come what there may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
 Though humble efforts fail ;
 Oh give not o'er until once more,
 The righteous cause prevail.
 The brave and true may seem but few,

But hope has better things in view ;
 And the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be ;
 And come what there may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

LET THE JOYS OF YOUTH APPEARING.

Air—"Here's a Health to all good Lasses."

BY J. H. AIKMAN.

Let the joys of youth appearing,
 Let the smiles of beauty cheering,
 Drive the curse of rum away ;
 Drive the curse of rum away.
 Cheerful singing, lively measure ;
 Voices ringing, joy and pleasure
 Bring a brighter, happier day.

Banish every care and sorrow,
 Though to-day be dark, to-morrow
 Joy will gild our path again ;
 Joy will gild our path again.
 Raise your voices, sons and daughters,
 Earth rejoices, and the waters
 Join the happy, glorious strain.

WE'LL DRINK NO MORE O' THE BARLEY.

Air—"Royal Charley."

BY WILLIAM MACNAMARA DOWNES.

Of whisky now we see no trace,
 The cup that once betray'd us—
 That burning cause of deep disgrace
 No longer shall degrade us.
 'Twas Ireland's bane, its dregs to drain—
 Her curse both late and early ;
 It never more shall stain our shore ;—
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley !

We'll drink no more, &c.

Oh, great and proud our chief's renown!
 The shrine of vice is shaken;
 The drunkard's idol tumbled down—
 The taverns all forsaken!
 We loathe the draught which once we quaff'd,
 It cost our nation dearly;
 That wily foe brought want and woe,
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley.
 We'll drink no more, &c.

Our spotless banner stands unfurl'd,
 In folds so bright and ample;
 Our moral cause to all the world
 Has shown a grand example.
 And as for those, our whisky foes,
 With them we scorn to parley—
 We spurn the few, the paltry crew,
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley!
 We'll drink no more, &c.

Old Erin's sons shall never mar
 Those virtues which inspire them;
 And still in hours of strife and war,
 Shall native valour fire them!
 An ardent bowl to swell the soul,
 True courage needs but rarely;
 And when we fight for fame or right,
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley.
 We'll drink no more, &c.

THE SHAMROCK.

Air—"Patrick's Day."

BY WILLIAM M. DOWNES.

Our own native shamrock, still bright and unfaded,
 Is honor'd much more than in days that are past:
 And never again shall that type be degraded,
 While green in our vallies its bloom shall last.
 The emblem we wear
 Of our country so dear;
 Is offer'd no more on the Bacchanal's shrine.

No longer profan'd,
 Dishonor'd and stain'd,
 Ah no, for the drunkard's wild riot is ended,
 And thanks to the chief of our sacred design!
 On Mathews career hath a blessing descended;
 Oh Erin rejoice, for that glory is thine.

Saint Patrick hath bless'd the pure symbol we cherish,
 When first he was seen on our ever green sod;
 And still, though the beauty of spring time will perish,
 The shamrock springs up where his footstep trod!
 Its growth ever new,
 It is nurtur'd in dew;
 By nature embalm'd in a fount that's divine!
 So sweet and so wild,
 It blooms undefiled:
 Then why in the reveller's glass should be bathed
 This plant which of temperance now is the sign?
 In joy round our banner its garland is wreathed;
 Oh Erin, that triumph of virtue is thine?

Bright gem of the valley, we still shall revere thee;
 How green is thy wreath which the patriot weaves
 For one who hath taught us in honor to wear thee;—
 And stainless to treasure thy mystical leaves.
 He seeks not the crown
 Of earth's frail renown:
 His brow in a circle immortal shall shine;—
 For high is the meed
 To him that's decreed!
 The chief of a cause that is hallow'd by heaven,—
 A movement sublime, in which millions combine!
 To Erin the boon of his birth has been given,
 That pride and that blessing my country are thine!

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

We come ! we come, that have been held
 In burning chains so long;
 We're up ! and on we come, a host
 Full fifty thousand strong.
 The chains we've snapped that held us round
 The wine-vat and the still ;
 Snapped by a blow—nay by a word—
 That mighty word—I WILL !

We come from Belial's palaces,
 The tippling shop and bar ;
 And, 'as we march, those gates of hell
 Feel their foundations jar.
 The very ground that oft has held
 All night our throbbing head,
 Knows that we're up—no more to fall,
 And trembles at our tread.

From dirty den, from gutter foul,
 From watch-house and from prison,
 Where they who gave the poisonous glass
 Had thrown us, have we risen ;
 From garret high have hurried down,
 From cellar stiv'd and damp,
 Come up ; till alley, lane, and street
 Echo our earthquake tramp.

And on—and on—a swelling host
 Of temperance men we come,
 Contemning and defying all
 The powers and priests of rum :—
 A host redeem'd, who've drawn the sword,
 And sharpened up its edge,
 And hewn our way through hostile ranks
 To the teetotal pledge.

To God be thanks, who pours us out
 Cold water from his hills,
 In crystal springs and bubbling brooks,
 In lakes and sparkling rills !
 From these to quench our thirst we come,
 With freeman's shout and song,
 A host already numbering more
 Than fifty thousand strong.

THE PLEDGE.

AIR—" *The Poachers.*"

Once more our temperance banner out
 Upon the breeze we throw—
 Beneath its folds, with song and shout,
 Let's charge upon the foe;
 For our Temperance pledge we'll give three cheers,
 And reform the inebriate too;
 For with the pledge we know no fears,
 With our Temperance pledge so true.
 O, the Temperance pledge, so true my friends,
 Come sign our pledge so true.

Then brethren rise and rally round,
 The Temperance pledge so true,
 Until its fame, with trumpet sound,
 Shall wake the welkins blue;—
 And the reformed with joyful cries,
 Sing its praise as they arise,
 For the holy cause of joys all new,
 Is keeping the pledge so true.
 CHORUS—O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

When no more the inebriates fall,
 Nor to Alcohol bend the knee,
 But singing in the crowded hall,
 Proclaim that they are free:—
 We hear their burning accents fall,
 As they tell of woes gone through,
 And with thankful hearts again we call,
 Come sign our pledge so true.
 CHORUS—O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

Then let the Temperance banner float,
 To the sunshine and the blast,
 Till Victory sounds her bugle note,
 The din of battle past;—
 No better cause can lead us on,
 High on its folds of blue,
 Than redeeming souls by rum held down,
 With our Temperance pledge so true.
 CHORUS—O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

THE BOND OF BROTHERHOOD.

AIR—"Love not."

Love them, love them, where'er their home may be ;
 Tho' mountains rise, and oceans may divide,
 Thy heart can leap beyond the deep blue sea,
 Bound o'er its depths, and land thee by their side.
 Love them.

Love them, tho' pining in some cellar lone,
 Where'er the sunbeam cannot find its way ;
 Thou canst be there to soothe with winning tone,
 And kind hearts always make a sunny day.
 Love them.

Love them, love them, tho' in some dungeon deep,
 Fetter'd and chain'd, crime's haggard children lie ;
 Shrink not, but save them ; there thy vigils keep ;
 Teach them to live, before they learn to die.
 Love them.

Love them, the sensual, in their grave of shame ;
 Tho' low-born habits bind them in the cave,
 Beam o'er the gloom, awake their hearts to fame,
 And call the lost ones from their gloomy grave.
 Love them.

Love them, for man, where'er thy footsteps tread,
 Man is thy brother, and may therefore claim
 Thy heart, thy hand, to soothe in sorrow's bed,
 To lift from error, suffering, or shame.
 Love them,

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

AIR—"The old Kirk Yard."

Oh come, come with me to the Drunkard's Grave,
 'Tis a solemn spot where no flowrets wave,
 Far from the tombs of the good and brave.
 High weaves the grass o'er the drunkard's grave,
 Oh weep, no love may mark that spot,
 Sigh, for the left ones heed it not,
 And the mournful waters round it lave,
 And ring a dirge to the Drunkard's grave.

It is sweet, it is sweet, when friends depart,
 To soothe a sad or breaking heart,
 But love may sigh, or passion rave,
 They bring no hope to the Drunkard's Grave;
 No tears are shed on his coffin'd clay,
 To a lonely mound he is borne away,
 And the snow may fall, the winds may rave,
 But who will heed a Drunkard's Grave.

When a poor man lies on his bed to die,
 The tear-drop falleth from many an eye;
 When the sailor sinks 'neath the ocean wave,
 The tears of his comrades bless his grave;
 But here no love embalms the spot,
 Friendship and Hope, they heed it not;
 Then oh let us spread our spells to save
 Our children a friends from and Drunkard's Grave.

THE TRIUMPH.

AIR—"Oh, let the Kind Minstrel."

Raise high, friends, the song, let the loftiest lay
 Of Temperance be heard, on this thrice happy day;
 The glance of the wine-filled goblet we spurn,
 And the charms of its smiles we in bitterness mourn.

Rise high, friends, the Pæan, why not? for we see
 Proud Bacchus in ashes, and humble the knee
 That stooped to destroy, but the drunkard is free.

Oh! great be our joy, the enchanting wile,
 Is spurned by the sons of the Emerald isle,
 That Scotia, and Cambria, and Erin so fair,
 Have dash'd down the goblet of crime and despair.

Raise high, friends, the Pæan, &c.

Exult, then, exult in the thrice blessed sound,
 Let love, life, and liberty circle around;
 Let joy fill our bosom, and raise high the tone,
 For the tyrant accursed, is gone, friends, is gone.

Raise high, friends the Pæan, &c.

YE NOBLE HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

Ye noble hearts of England !
That guard our proudest right !
To battle in the cause of truth,
And man's oppression smite !
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe ;
And fight for the right ;
And Intemperance overthrow !
While every heart is bold and strong,
Intemperance overthrow !
Ye husbands and ye fathers !
Ye that have homes to tend !
Ye ministers of truth who vow
God's altars to defend,
Awake—arise ! for the foe is up !
And with demon-strength he comes,
At one blow to overthrow
Both your altars and your homes !
To trample down in blood and dust
Your altars and your homes !
Will ye, who fought for freedom
In many a well-tried field,
Before a foe yourselves have nursed,
In tame submission yield ?
The tyrant's and the bigot's chains !
Ye and your fathers burst !
Will ye now slavelings bow
To the drunkard's cup accurs'd !
And prostrate body, and heart, and soul,
To the drunkard's cup accurs'd ?
Up—up ! my gallant brethren !
Shout—"It no more shall be !"
And the deadly foe, without a blow,
Shall fall at your decree !
Down shall his Comus-cup be dash'd !
And his flag of death be furl'd !
As he flies at the rise
Of bright Temperance o'er the world !
While peace and blessings point the path
Of temperance o'er the world !

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Good night, and joy be with ye a',
 In sorrow may you never part,
 For oh, the blessed Temperance law
 Should warm each brother's, sister's heart,
 That law of love to high to low,
 To those who stand, to those who fa',
 Be yours, my friends, while here below;
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

We oft have met, when riot wild,
 Mistaken was for mirth and glee,
 Till wrath o'er bloody trophies smil'd,
 And ours was shame and misery.
 But now no more by maddening bowl,
 Shall our pledg'd band to ruin fa';
 We've rent the shackles from the soul;
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

Good night and joy be wi' ye a',
 And when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
 Obey again your kindly law,
 And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
 Go, seek the drunkard's wretched home,
 And raise him who like us did fa',
 And take his blessing with ye home;
 Good night and joy be wi' ye a'.

 WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

AIR—"Weep for me."

Weep for the fallen! hang your heads in sorrow,
 And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow;
 Thousands have perish'd by the fell destroyer,
 Oh, weep for youth and beauty, in the grave laid low.

Voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,
 While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go;
 Hark to their accents, they, the broken-hearted,
 Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to cheer the cup of woe ;
Or is it nothing, ye who see the danger,
To weep for youth and beauty, in the grave laid low.

Weep for the fallen ! but in all your sorrow,
Point to the pledge that freedom can bestow ;
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,
Oh, why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low ?

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Air—" *Lady Noel.*"

In England's smiling villages
Fresh spring the bright wild flowers,
And gaily falls the glad sunlight,
Around her fairy bowers !
And merry voices shout and sing,
In chorus loud and long ;
But to one heart no joy they bring,
The drunkard's mourning child.
Oh, the drunkard's child,
Oh, the drunkard's child,
Could I but soothe the aching heart
Of the sad drunkard's child.

In England's smiling palaces,
The laughter rises gay,
And merry children pass their life
Thro' one long summer day ;
And mothers fold them to their arms,
And bend their blue eyes mild ;
But oh, how different the lot,
Of a poor drunkard's child.
Oh, the drunkard's child,

What mean the domes of splendor,
The lofty marble hall,
Where crimson hangings wave around
The nobly pictur'd wall ;
For him alone the workhouse,
Or dreadful jail are pil'd,
To dwell within those dreadful homes,
Grows up the drunkard's child.
Oh, the drunkard's child,

Oh, drunkards start with horror
 From the low haunt of shame;
 Oh, mothers teach your babes to spring
 Back from the drunkard's name.
 Oh, Christians quit the apathy
 Which has so long beguil'd,
 And stretch your hands and hearts to save
 The drunkard's wretched child.
 Oh, poor drunkard's child.

SOUND THE LOUD TRUMPET.

Air—"Sound the Loud Timbrel."

Sound the loud trumpet o'er island and sea,
 For Temperance hath triumph'd, the Drunkard is free.
 Sing! for the spell of the tyrant is broken,
 And thousands have leap'd from the trance of the grave,
 Sing! for a voice thro' the darkness hath spoken,
 And hands were stretch'd forth the drunkard to save.
 Sound the loud trumpet o'er island and sea,
 For Temperance hath triumph'd, the drunkard is free.

Fathers of Britain! come join in the strain,
 The earth shall be free from the spoiler again,
 See how in beauty the daughters of gladness,
 Move like the angels of light on their way;
 Hark how their words o'er the mansion's of sadness,
 Enchant the poor lost ones to glory and day.
 Sound the loud trumpet o'er island and sea,
 For temperance hath triumph'd, the drunkard is free.

But sound ye the triumph in praise of the Lord,
 He lifted His banner, He gave us the word.
 Ages to come shall rehearse the proud story,
 How angels descended the lost to reclaim—
 The God of our fathers hath crown'd us with glory,
 And banished our foes to the regions of shame.
 Sound the loud trumpet o'er island and sea,
 Jehovah hath triumph'd the Drunkard is free.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Air—"My Heart and Lute."

I gave to thee my young heart's love,
 When summer skies were bright ;
 I drank the sunshine and the joy.
 Nor dream'd of coming night.
 I lean'd upon thy manly breast,
 A young and trusting bride ;
 And on its truth and constancy
 I fearlessly relied.

And it was true—and it was firm
 'Gainst any open foe ;
 Brave—honest—it could only fall
 By some insidious blow.
 And soon that deadly blow was dealt,
 For ah! the serpent's sting,
 Within the vine-wreath buried lay
 Of friendship's offering.

O! no, thou wast not poor in love—
 Thou could'st not me forget—
 'Twas fever, madness, seiz'd thy brain,
 Or thou hadst lov'd me yet.
 And I will love thee to the end ;
 For O! what power can move,
 What slight, what anguish can estrange
 A faithful woman's love.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Air—"Rule Britannia."

E. P. H.

When Temperance first, at heaven's command,
 Arose to bless our smiling plain,
 Its voice roll'd sweetly round the land,
 And thus flow'd on the inspiring strain—
Chorus,] { Britannia, ruler of the waves,
 { Why should thy children be like slaves.
 [Chorus—repeat.]

What tho' o'er many a distant sea,
Thy sons thy dreadful banner bear ;
Tho' distant nations crouch to see
Thy lion rousing from his lair ?
What matter, mistress of the waves,
If thy own throne is propp'd by slaves,
Chorus.—*Britannia, &c.*

Thy fields are green, thy skies are mild,
And rocks like giants guard thy soil ;
Yet vain—the tyrant strong and wild,
Hath mark'd thy children for his spoil.
Oh ! mother, mistress of the waves,
Intemperance holds thy sons for slaves.
Chorus.—*Britannia, &c.*

Britannia, rise ; the power is thine
To break the spell that binds in thrall ;
The Temperance cause will brightly shine,
And thy most fearful foe shall fall.
And thou, the ruler of the waves,
Shalt see thy sons no longer slaves.
Chorus.—*Britannia, &c.*

THE NOBLE BAND.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

A. F. WILLIAMS.

We'll ne'er forget the noble band,
Who fear'd no creature's frown ;
And boldly pledg'd both heart and hand
To put intemperance down.
The band, the band, the noble band,
The band of blest renown,
Who boldly pledg'd both heart and hand,
To put intemperance down.
Nor shall the pledge be e'er forgot,
That so much bliss creates,
We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whate'er intoxicates.

The pledge, the pledge is not forgot,
 The pledge that Satan hates,
 We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
 Whate'er intoxicates.

The Temperance cause we'll not forget,
 'Tis that which set us free;
 All honor to the Temperance pledge,
 The badge of liberty.
 The pledge, the pledge, the glorious pledge,
 The pledge that set us free;
 Let's one and all together shout,
 We've conquer'd, we are free.

THE HOUSEHOLD FIRE.

Ans.—An Adaptation of "The Old Oak Tree."

The Household Fire, the Household Fire,
 'Tis a guiding light, tis a sacred pyre;
 When the storm raves loud, when the snow's on the hill,
 And the shrill hail strikes at the window sill;
 How we gather round the glowing light,
 As the old log flashes gay and bright,
 And we sing brave songs, that our hearts inspire,
 When we gather around the Household Fire.

We've many a laugh from many a bock,
 And cheerful jest in the dear old nook,
 And friends they come our joy to share,
 And join in the song as it circles there.
 What faces smile in the sacred round,
 Though tears sometimes on the cheek be found:
 Yet thither we turn, and our thoughts ne'er tire,
 Of joys we may taste round the Household Fire.

Each name of love that our hearts can inspire,
 Was breathed first round the Household Fire;
 'Twas there that the mother's ear first heard
 The lisp of her young child's murmur'd word;
 It was there we knelt when sorrow came,
 And the prayer went up with the household flame;
 And the dearest joy that man can desire,
 Is a happy heart round the Household Fire.

THE DEPARTED.

AIR—"John Anderson's gone."

E. P. H.

The mourners are gone, and the drunkard sits there,
 All lonely, heart broken with sorrow and care;
 The wife whom he lov'd in his youth's sunny day,
 That morning now borne to her lone grave away.
 He sits alone, his heart makes moan;
 He sighs o'er the past, with its sorrowful tale,
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest! she's at rest! in the land of the leal.

He thinks of the day when he saw her pass by,
 So blythe and so glad, with her bright beaming eye,
 When he told her his love 'neath the shadows at eve,
 And vow'd that he never would vex or deceive;
 But sad the woe he made her know,
 Her heart it was broken with sorrow and pain;
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest! she's at rest! in the land of the leal.

Ah, the eye that shone brightly was darken'd with tears,
 And her poor frame was wasted with watchings and fears,
 But she never forgot him midst all her heart's cares,
 And the drunkard was last in her thoughts and her prayers.
 Her kind mild eye still shineth by;
 He thinks of a presence he cannot forget;
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest! she's at rest! in the land of the leal.

The drunkard he looks round the sorrowful room—
 'Twas a dream—she can never its darkness illumine;
 He falls on his knees, he calls on her name,
 But her spirit has passed from the sorrow and shame;
 Her trampled heart perform'd its part,
 Then fainting it sunk to the rest of the grave;
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest! she's at rest! in the land of the leal.

THE RESOLVE.

AIR—"Woodman spare that Tree."

E. P. H.

We've flung away the bowl,
With all the sparkling wine;
The draughts are poison to the soul,
Though brightly they may shine.
The wine cup wreath'd a spell
Round palace, hall, and cot,
In all their strength they sadly fell,
And we will touch it not.

The red wine conquer'd those
Whose glory and renown
Had shone amidst a thousand foes,
And trod the invaders down.
Their names, the great, the brave,
Rang on from shore to shore,
They drank the red wine's burning wave,
And all their fame was o'er.

And lands for whom the gay,
The sparkling wreaths we twine,
Like phantoms did they pass away
Before the waves of wine.
The column, arch, and throne,
All own'd its magic spell—
A tower—and they were overthrown;
The wine-cup rang their knell.

Are we not wise to shun
The red wine's fated light,
Lest that which millions hath undone
Our name and fame should blight;
Lest that by which they fell
Should brood above our cot,
We break at once the wine-cup spell—
Our hand shall touch it not.

THE TEETOTAL LASSIE.

AIR—"The Spinning Wheel."

E. P. H.

As I sat o'er my glass of ale,
 A bonny lassie passed me by;
 I turn'd me round and view'd her well,
 And oh she had a sparkling eye.
 To touch my heart she did not fail,
 But still I sipp'd my glass of ale.

I look'd into her sparkling eyes,
 Thought I, oh she will be a prize;
 But oh, she bade me ale forbear,
 Till I one small request should hear;
 And said she would not hear my tale
 Till I gave up my glass of ale.

She said give up your woe, your bale,
 Your wine, your whisky, and your ale;
 She bade me lay them all aside,
 Then she would come and be my bride;
 And oh, I lik'd so well her tale,
 That I gave up my glass of ale.

GLORIOUS ISLAND.

AIR—"Beautiful Venice."

E. P. H.

Glorious Island, when shalt thou be
 The home of the virtuous, the land of the free?
 Oh, island of fame, land of beauty and song,
 What bright fairy dreams to thy regions belong;
 All lands have their beauties, but still I love thee,
 Oh, Britain, my country, the queen of the sea.

But, land of my fathers, a spoiler is near,
 Thy beauty is often "profaned by a tear:"
 Thy rose is found drooping in valley and glen,
 Oh, when shall it smile in its freshness again?
 I have known many sights, but the fairest would be
 The spoiler destroyed by the queen of the sea.

Glorious island of poets and kings,
 Dear shrine of all lovely and beautiful things;
 Thy streams flash like silver, the glad sunlight comes
 To the lattice and eaves of the bright cottage homes.
 'Tis a glorious land, but how brave it would be
 If the spoiler were crush'd by the queen of the sea.

THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

AIR—"The Gipsy King."

Oh, I am a temperance man,
 And where is the man like me;
 The toper delights in his can,
 And from care is not half so free.
 I have plenty of beef on my table,
 My cupboard has plenty of cheer,
 For to conquer strong drink I am able,
 I drink neither rum, brandy, nor beer.

Oh, I am a temperance man,
 Ha! ha!

I am a temperance man.

The toper delights in his glass,
 And will sit o'er his full flowing bowl,
 Till health, love, and liberty pass,
 And darken the light in his soul;
 But I have abandoned the poison,
 I drink like the bird on the tree,
 I list to the logic of reason,
 And who is so happy as me.
 I am a temperance man.

Oh, I am a temperance man,
 And I've got a good temperance wife;
 I've found it the best kind of plan,
 To live free from envy and strife!
 My heart is as proud as a prince's,
 My days they glide nobly along,
 And each day returning enhances
 The truth and the force of this song.
 Oh, I am a temperance man, &c.

There's love where bright temperance springs.
 To our cause this pure spirit is given;
 Like an angel with light on its wings,
 'Twill carry our spirit to Heaven;
 Now ye tipplers who hither may roam,
 Away with your brandy and purl,
 Build a nice little teetotal home,
 Then marry some teetotal girl
 And be a good teetotal man.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CAUSE.

Air—"Rockaway."

Long may the temperance banner wave
 Triumphant over this our land,
 And may it many a drunkard save,
 To join our ever happy band.
 Unfurled for ever let it be,
 A guide to bring the drunkard in
 That they may all their errors see,
 And now for temperance begin.
 Long may, &c.

When on that banner we do gaze,
 Showing its beauties fair and bright,
 While over us it proudly waves,
 Remember we for freedom fight.
 Then, never let us yield to rum,
 For now the flag of temperance waves,
 But still with renewed vigor come,
 And peace shall crown our future days.
 Long may, &c.

And we shall find that every year
 Will tell of victories more sublime—
 That temperance her flag shall rear
 Over the earth's remotest clime.
 The temperance banner of the brave
 We now will ever hold most dear—
 Its radiant folds shall proudly wave
 'Till closes time's expiring year.

PRAYER FOR THE DRUNKARD.

AIR—" *God save the Queen.*

Lord, from thy glorious throne
 Drunkards look down upon,

God save the poor,
 Teach them true liberty;
 Make them from custom free,
 Let their homes happy be,
 God save the poor.

The arms of wicked men,
 Do thou with might restrain,
 God save the poor.
 Raise thou their lowliness,
 Succour thou their distress,
 Thou whom the meanest bless,
 God save the poor.

Give them staunch honesty,
 Let their pride manly be,
 God save the poor.
 Help them to hold the right,
 Give them both truth and might,
 Lord of all life and light,
 God save the poor.

Oh, God! our cause maintain,
 Remove the drunkard's stain,
 God save the poor.
 Now, oh, teetotal band,
 Press forward hand in hand,
 God by our side will stand,
 God save the poor.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

AIR—" *Hymn of Zion.*"

Oh! sing to Jehovah, for light is advancing;
 Rejoice in the Lord, for his glory is come;
 The sunbeams of truth upon mortals are glancing,
 The long-lost inebriate is journeying home.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

Exult, for the day-star from heaven is shining;
 The reign of intemp'rance is over and gone;
 Love, peace, joy, and hope are their tendrils entwining,
 And reason and kindness combining in one.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

No more shall th' inebriate, groping in error—
 His fam'ly enshrouded in poverty's night—
 View life in despair, and the future with terror;
 The beams of salvation have burst on their sight.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

Rejoice, for the earth is resuming her splendor,
 The flowers of Eden are blooming anew;
 The tyrant intemp'rance, his throne must surrender,
 And plenty and peace shall their visits renew.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL.

Air—" *Sicilian Mariners.*"

Parent, who with speechless feeling,
 O'er thy cradled treasure bent;
 Every year new claims revealing,
 Yet thy love of wealth unspent.
 Hast thou seen that blossom blighted
 By a drear untimely frost?
 All thy labor unrequited—
 Every glorious promise lost.

Wife, with agony unspoken,
 Shrinking from affliction's rod;
 Is thy prop, thine idol broken—
 Fondly trusted—next to God?
 Husband, o'er thy hope a mourner,
 Of thy chosen friend ashamed—
 Hast thou to her burial borne her,
 Unrepentant—unreclaimed.

Child, in tender weakness turning
 To thy heaven-appointed guide—
 Doth a lava-poison burning
 Turn to gall affection's tide?
 Still that orphan-burden bearing,
 Darker than the grave can show,
 Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
 To a heritage of woe?

Country, on thy sons depending,
 Strong in manhood, bright in bloom;
 Hast thou seen thy pride descending,
 Shrouded, to th' unhonored tomb;
 Rise!—on eagle's pinions soaring—
 Rise!—like one of god-like birth—
 Rise!—Jehovah's aid imploring—
 SWEEP THE SPOILER FROM THE EARTH.

THE HAPPY TIME.

AIR—“*There is a Happy Land.*”

There is a happy time, not far away,
 When temperance truth shall shine, bright, bright as day;
 Oh then we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys ring;
 Earth shall her tribute bring—it's not far away.

Bright in our happy band, beams every eye;
 Pledged with our heart and hand, love cannot die:
 On then to temp'rance run, be both health and virtue won,
 Bright as the noonday sun shines in the sky.

Come join the temp'rance band, come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand? why still delay?
 Oh we shall happy be, when we're from intemp'rance free;
 Haste! from the danger flee! haste, haste away.

Pledge to this glorious cause, pledge, pledge to-day;
 Bow no more to fashion's laws, break, break away.
 Conquer habit while you can, be an independent man,
 Sing the teetotal plan, sing, sing to-day.

Haste then the happy time, not far away,
 When temperance truth shall shine, bright, bright as day.
 Oh then we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys ring:
 Earth shall her tribute bring, its not far away.

BEGONE STRONG DRINK.

AIR—"Begone Dull Care."

Begone, strong drink,
 I pray thee begone from me;
 Begone, strong drink.
 Thee and I never shall agree:
 Long time thou hast been tampering here,
 And fain thou would'st me kill;
 But I'm resolved, but I'm resolved,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.
 My wife and children all shall sing,
 And merrily pass the day,
 For I own it's one of the wisest things,
 To drive strong drink away.
 Away, away, &c.

If you drink beer,
 It will make your hair grow grey;
 If you drink beer,
 It will turn you into clay;
 Strong beer has long beguil'd our youth,
 And strove our age to kill;
 But I'm resolved, but I'm resolved,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.
 The wide world in joy shall sing,
 And merrily pass the day,
 For we own it's one of the wisest things,
 To drive strong drink away.
 Away, away, &c.

THE TEETOTALLER'S FIRESIDE.

AIR—"My Ain Fireside."

Oh, ance I was drunken, my duds were a' torn,
 I sat in the yile house from e'enin till morn:
 But the sight aye so cheerful that fills me wi' pride,
 Is the bonny blithe blink of my ain fireside.

My wife is sae trig, and sae canty, and clean,
 And the bright smile o' luve lights her bonny blue een,
 The Queen in her palace ne'er sat wi' mair pride,
 Than my Maggie and I by our ain fireside.

There's Willie the souter's aye leaving his stall,
 To gae to "auld Luckie's" a spendin' his all;
 But name o' the pleasures that ever he tried,
 Shall wile me awa from my ain fireside.

His wife is aye flytin' to gar him keep hame,
 She's thin and she's lanky we' greetin' her lane,
 But she's welcome to kail and to parritch beside,
 And a canty warm seat by my ain fireside.

Tho' my labor is hard and my earnin's but small,
 The kind hand of Providence blesses it all,
 And I pray every night that his luve may preside
 O'er the comforts that brighten my ain fireside.

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

AIR—"Some Love to Roam."

The crystal spring,
 The crystal spring,
 So sparkling, fresh, and free;
 Let others praise
 The red wine's rays,
 But the crystal spring for me.
 I haste away, where sunbeams play,
 O'er many a limpid wave,
 Where brightly beams the silvery stream
 From some old mossy cave.

Chorus.—The crystal spring.

The woodland shade,
 The flowery glade,
 Where the young birds spread the wing,
 Is still more bright,
 For the flashing light,
 Of some sweet crystal spring.
 It's murmurings oft, so sweetly soft.
 Might pleasant legends tell,
 Of bead and prayer, recounted there,
 By the ancient holy well.

Chorus.—The crystal spring.

Then sickness came
 And bow'd our frame,
 And death his warning gave,
 We did not pine
 For sparkling wine,
 But a draught from the crystal wave;
 And it sweetly there, to the couch of care,
 Did thoughts of the woodlands bring;
 And a healthful glow pass'd o'er our brow,
 Inspir'd by the crystal spring.

Chorus.—The crystal spring.

By fresh'ning lakes,
 That cool the brakes,
 By rivers bold and free,
 Where forest falls
 Sing madrigals,
 All waves have charms for me.
 In youth, in health, a store of wealth,
 Hath he who dares to sing,
 While others praise the red wines rays,
 My drink's the crystal spring,

The crystal spring,
 The crystal spring,
 So sparkling, fresh, and free;
 While others praise
 The red-wine's rays,
 The crystal spring for me.

TEETOTAL SPIRITS.

Air—"The Teetotal Mill."

The tapster may boast in his midnight brawl,
 That from heaven he the spirits of bliss can call;
 I know he may call, till he's hoarse or he's dumb,
 And he often does both, but, alas! do they come?

The spirits of bliss with the temperate dwell!
 Yet some *spirits* answer the drunkard's yell!
 But they never appear till the night's worn through
 And they come like devils arrayed in blue!

But those airy spirits wont do for me !
 They ask rather too heavy a price for a spree ;
 And though doubling the debt may procure a delay,
 Yet they'll soon come again, and they'll make you pay.

Then toppers leave spirits of every hue !
 Rum, brandy, and gin, for they all turn to blue !
 Take the temperance pledge, with your children and wives
 And the spirits of bliss shall be yours all your lives.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AIR—"The Soldier's Tear."

Upon the drunkard's hearth
 The fire burns faint and dim ;
 There is a "silence deep as death,"
 No voice of prayer or hymn.
 Enter the wretched room,
 Lo ! stretch'd upon a bier,
 A woman—dead—and one poor girl
 Who wipes away a tear.

Thro' many a sorrowing path
 She took her mournful way,
 And every night brought pain and wrath—
 Hunger and cold each day.
 Famish'd and faint, her heart
 Was broken year by year :
 She died—what hand allay'd the smart,
 Or wip'd away the tear ?

Nor husband's arm was nigh
 To tend her last distress ;
 Alas ! it must be hard to die
 In such deep wretchedness.
 He was away—his tone
 Rose high in mad career,
 He left his dying wife alone,
 Nor wip'd away one tear.

Place her within the grave,
 And while upon her breast
 Ashes are thrown, and wild weeds wave,
 There let her humbly rest :

And trust that He, whose eye
 Watch'd o'er her whole career,
 Hath sooth'd her soul with heavenly joy
 And wip'd away the tear.

A LIFE WITH THE GOOD AND BRAVE.

AIR—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

E. P. H.

A life with the good and brave,
 A hope with the blest and free,
 Oh not on the land or wave
 Is a home like that for me
 I love the morning's prime,
 When the cheerful woodlands ring
 In the quiet evening time,
 By the bright fireside I sing.

CHORUS—A life with the good and brave.

Oh not where the wild waves sweep,
 Where the winds and sea-birds play ;
 Oh not in the forest deep,
 'Neath the bright sun's shimmering ray.
 Where the princely pillars rise ;
 Where bends the graceful dome,
 'Neath the soft Italian skies,
 Not there should be my home.

CHORUS—A life with the good and brave.

The still stars brightly beam
 Upon my humble floor,
 They shed their lovely gleam,
 On the great minds of yore.
 These come ; the good and grave,
 And neighbors kind and free,
 And converse high and brave,
 Makes a rare home for me.

CHORUS—A life with the good and brave.

Then away from a world too dim,
 My spirit mounts and towers,
 I hear the lark's sweet hymn,
 I watch the opening flowers.
 I sit with the good and wise ;
 I sit with the blest and free ;
 Nor is there beneath the skies
 A home like this for me.
 CHORUS---A life with the good and brave.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

FOR TWO OR THREE VOICES.

- 1st. I used to love a social glass :
 2nd. So did I ;
 3rd. So did I ;
 And merrily days and nights did pass,
 But oh next morning's misery.
 My head would ache,
 My spirits quake,
 My hand would shake,
 And I would take
 A drop to make the fever break—
 Oh what a horrid sad mistake !
- 1st. But now I shun the social glass :
 2nd. So do I ;
 3rd. So do I ;
 And merrily days and nights do pass,
 Without the drunkard's misery.
- 1st. I oft caught cold with steaming up :
 2nd. So did I ;
 3rd. So did I ;
 I used to quaff the red wine cup,
 And drink it ever unceasingly.
 And then that wine,
 It was so fine,
 Went out to dine,
 No cause to mind,
 Till I had sapped of glasses nine,
 Just the quantum I thought most fine.
 But now I shun the social glass, &c.

- 1st. I used to drink at others' cost:
 2nd. So did I ;
 3rd. And so did I ;
 I had plenty of friends to toast,
 So I was often very dry.
 One night on a spree
 I happened to be,
 A chap told me
 Of a society
 That reformed the worthless debauchee,
 Just such chaps as you and I used to be.
 So now I shun the social glass, &c.
- 1st. I signed the pledge, and thus became
 2nd. A Temperance man ;
 3rd. A Temperance man ;
 I neither drink rum, brandy, nor beer,
 But a glass of water now and then ;
 I never get blue,
 You know it is true,
 All over the town the news it flew ;
 And all I can do to pull you thro'
 Shall be done I promise you.
 And thus I shun the social glass, &c.

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

TUNE—"How, When, and Where."

BY JOHN PRITCRARD.

As I walk'd out one morning fair,
 Across the fields to take the air,
 So beautiful the corn and hay,
 Delightful sight to see ;
 The blackbird he did sing so sweet,
 And daisies sprang beneath my feet,
 Beguiled was I to take a seat,
 Beneath a sycamore tree.



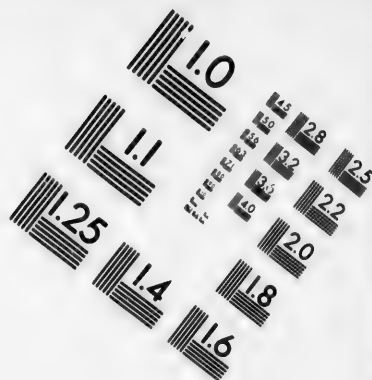
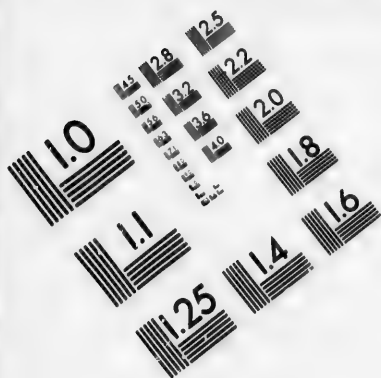
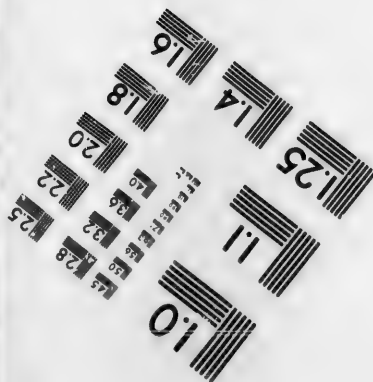
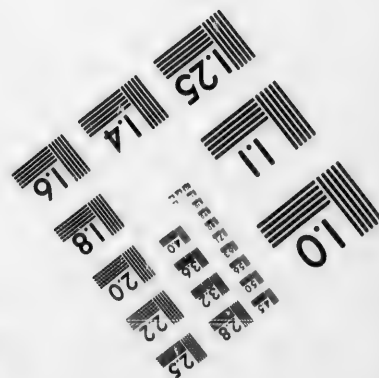
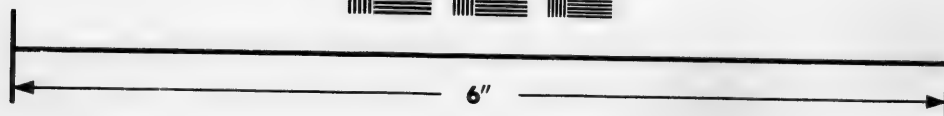
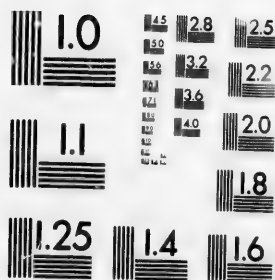


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And as I sat, these lines I penn'd;
 And to mankind I recommend,
 To join the ranks of abstinence.
 And brighter days they'll see;
 Then like the blackbird they may sing,
 Free as the mountain daisies spring,
 This place is fit to charm a king,
 Tho' under a sycamore tree.

Oh Abstinence thou'rt dear to me,
 Bright laurel of a goodly tree;
 If drunken men but could thee see,
 They'd join this noble cause:
 Then listen to the blackbird's notes.
 And mind no more your fiery throats;
 Then you may sit with your new coats,
 Beneath some sycamore tree.

THE TEMPERANCE WARRIOR.

AIR—" *With a Helmet on his Brow.*"

Bright as the morning star
 Our temperance cause shall shine;
 We'll join in the teetotal war,
 'Gainst brandy, beer, and wine;
 But like the mountain deer,
 So lightly we will bound,
 To springs, which run so fresh and clear,
 Where'er they may be found.
 Then let the trumpet sound,
 To the brazen drums reply,
 We chose to live a happy life,
 And sober live and die.

Soon as the battle ends,
 And the tyrant is no more,
 Our joyful banners we'll unfurl,
 In peace, from shore to shore.
 Away with dissipation!
 Thou spoiler of our land!
 Thou chief of Desperation!
 Thy temples shall not stand.
 Then let the trumpet sound, &c.

Then like a valiant soldier,
 Come help to form our line,
 Each day you will be bolder,
 Each year more bright will shine.
 Come burnish up your armour,
 Come to the muster, come,
 And leave your serpent charmer,
 To sound the temperance drum.
 Then let the trumpet sound.

TEMPERANCE ANTHEM.

"Glorious Apollo."

Glorious memorial of our blest vocation,
 Thy spacious halls are an emblem of its praise.

Glorious memorial of our blest vocation,
Cho. Thy spacious halls are an emblem of its praise.

Bright Monument of a great Reformation,
 Here from this shrine our voices we raise;
 Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
 Sing we in harmony cold water's praise.

Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
Cho. Sing we in harmony cold water's praise.

Cold water's praise, cold water's praise,
Cho. Cold water's praise, cold water's praise.

Here every noble sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy.

Here every noble sentiment awaking,
Cho. Music inspiring unity and joy.

Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
 Glee and good humor our hours employ;
 Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
 Sing we in harmony cold water's praise.

Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
Cho. Sing we in harmony cold water's praise,

Cold water's praise, cold water's praise,
Cho. Cold water's praise, cold water's praise.

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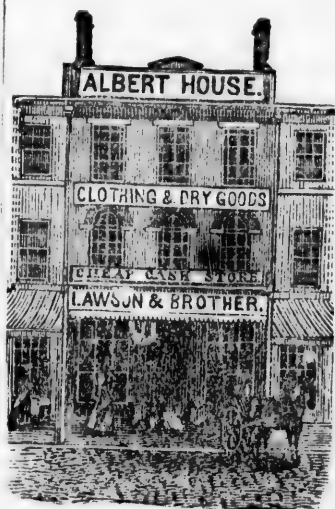
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